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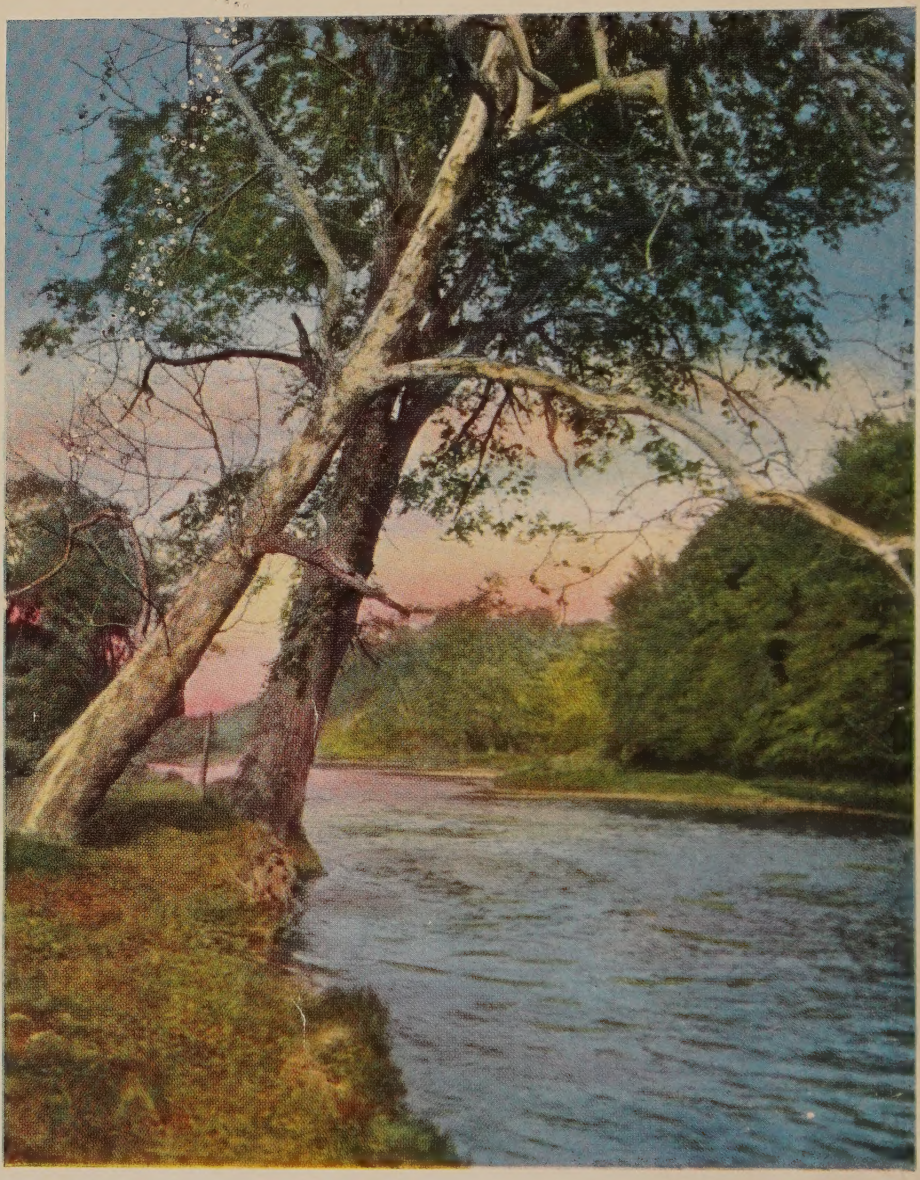

Sycamore and Elm — *New York*

NEW YORK BEAUTIFUL

BY

WALLACE NUTTING

Illustrated by the Author with Pictures
Of Rural New York
With Special Reference to Their Aesthetic
Features and Old Life

New York
Dodd, Mead & Company
1927

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FOREWORD

THIS book covering so large a territory, concerns itself only with continental New York, reserving Long Island for possible separate treatment, at a later date, since its importance as regards size and beauty richly deserves such attention.

For the same reason metropolitan New York is not covered, the genius of this series being the treatment of rural themes almost exclusively. Under the same exceptions, of course, come Buffalo, Rochester, Syracuse, Albany and other cities. It is understood the publishers have in mind for separate treatment greater New York, with special references to its antiquarian and esthetic aspects.

The reader is entitled to these explanations. But regarded from the aspect of inclusion rather than exclusion it will be observed that the contents of this volume crowd its pages to the capacity allotted for the States Beautiful series.

There is always, and inevitably much disappointment from the supposed overlooking of beauty spots by these volumes. One large picture from each county would nearly fill a volume. The state is so large that selective treatment is necessary. Local loyalty always, and rightly, regards its particular district of very high importance. The only manner of meeting the apparent oversight is by another volume to cover the portions of the state not represented, as is contemplated by another book on Vermont.

There are of course substantial reasons for emphasis on the rural districts. Very little has been done for them in the past with the exception, perhaps, of Niagara and the Hudson. Thus at once it is feasible to provide all fresh material, never before published, and to treat various country districts hitherto lacking illustration.

The author has personally made every illustration in the volume, except of course, the sketch of the contemplated New York-New Jersey bridge. Nearly all the pictures have been made this year, and the range of travel has been very wide.

It will readily be understood that the conditions of weather may have operated to give fuller display to certain districts. It was useless to cover again regions passed under adverse weather, as the material accumulated was ample.

WALLACE NUTTING.

Framingham,
Massachusetts.

New York Beautiful

New York Beautiful

NEW YORK

A STATE touching the sea and the two great lakes, Ontario and Erie, and having within it or bordering it Lake Champlain and Lake George, with the Finger Lakes counted as five but in reality twice that number; a state with the vast Adirondack wilderness, as large as Connecticut, in the north, with the Catskill and Allegheny reservations beside; a state whose entrance is the Hudson and whose back door is Niagara; a state so overwhelming in the range of its attractions that it is little short of presumption to depict its beauties in one book—New York is worthy of a pictorial library.

But there is another aspect of New York little known to the traveler and never listed among its attractions. Those innumerable green hills, thrice as many as Vermont can show, from the lower Hudson to Buffalo, are among the deeply satisfying visions which never pall, with which we live and about which we throw affectionate chords—these are among the greatest beauties of the state of New York. Or to the stale traveler who has flitted from high point to high point, a month among the orchards, seldom broken, from the mouth of the Niagara to Rochester, and recurring eastward from Rochester for another hundred miles, must convey the impression that here is the paradise of the fruit tree.

The famous fruit districts of the west of England could be cast into

one corner of the New York orchards without forming an impressive addition; and the clean vigorous growths of these Ontario orchards, free from the moss of the wetter English climate, compel a mood of wonder and humility before the extent and perfection of the array. And south of these are the widespread lowland gardens, in the rich bottoms where once were lakes, while about the Finger Lakes, rising on unbelievably extensive slopes, vineyards touch vineyards until the imagination wearies and one wishes to nestle in some little valley somewhere, in the fascinations of an acre, where he can forget the panorama of too much beauty.

New York offers also that always impressive union, a graceful and bold human monument placed in the midst of natural beauty—the bridges of the East River, the Hudson and the Niagara, already numerous, are all set in the happiest locations to produce profound impressions. They are almost too great to become related to one small human being. They seem, as indeed they are, the expression of genius, power, wisdom and unity, the noblest embodiment of a thinking, working, optimistic society, which has called together the treasures of the world, and which, by the wonder of chemical knowledge and that greater, subtler fusion of alchemic intellects and daring vision, has thrown across such floods and gorges these monuments of human unity.

A SHORT HISTORICAL SKETCH

ROUGHLY speaking, the boundaries of the state of New York form a right-angled triangle, with the Hudson River and the Lakes George and Champlain as the upright of the right angle, the northern border of Pennsylvania as its base, and the St. Lawrence River and Lakes Ontario and Erie as its hypotenuse. The sides of this tri-

angle enclose a wonderful territory that covers 47,600 square miles.

This splendid stretch of country seemed destined by nature for great events. Almost in its center is an expanse of country unsurpassed for the beauty of a fertile and peaceful landscape, dotted with forests and gemmed with fine lakes of endless variety in size, shape and shore. In this region originate the headwaters of great rivers flowing to all points of the compass: the Genesee and the Oswego north to Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence, the Mohawk southeast to the Hudson, the Susquehanna and the Delaware south to Chesapeake and Delaware bays, the Allegheny southwest to the Ohio, the Mississippi and the Gulf. In the days when rivers were the main arteries of communication, it will be seen that there was not another spot on the globe more advantageously situated for conquest, for colonization, and for commerce. Nature had picked and fashioned it as the stage of one of the mighty dramas of the centuries. No wonder that it was the arena where Holland, France and England came to grips in a great and age-long struggle, the prize of which was the mastery of a New World.

A leader of the Southern confederacy, says Ellis H. Roberts, declared that a chief cause of its defeat was the open valleys of the rivers leading from New York to the heart of Virginia. General Winfield Scott, standing on the scene of Burgoyne's surrender, declared the state of New York to hold the military key to the continent east of the Mississippi. General Grant, on the same spot, agreed.

When written history began, this most significant region, predestined by nature and fate for great events, was occupied by a race of Indians perhaps the most powerful, progressive and highly civilized of any of which history has record, except the Aztecs of Mexico. Collectively they are known today as the Iroquois, a name given them by the French. Among themselves and the early settlers, they were called the Five Nations—Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas, and Senecas, names

still preserved by the lakes of New York and one of its great rivers. Later the Tuscaroras, driven out of North Carolina, joined the confederacy, which then became known as the Six Nations. Evidence has been found that this powerful confederation existed for a century before the coming of the Dutch. The members were proficient in a number of the arts of civilization, tilled the soil extensively, established an original and efficient form of self-government, were adepts in a simple and impressive oratory, and in diplomacy showed themselves a match for the white men of Europe.

Though in genius for war they far excelled any other race of red men, the league of the Six Nations was a masterpiece of statesmanship directed toward abolishing war and promoting a lasting peace among themselves. It gave them a power which carried their conquests to the Mississippi and the Carolinas. Says Ellis H. Roberts, they "ran in conquests farther than the Greek arms were ever carried and to distances which Rome surpassed only in the days of its culminating glory." Says F. H. Halsey: "As with the empire of Rome, so with the empire of the Iroquois; within the borders of the empire there was peace." Their system of adopting and training the bravest of their captives was a profoundly wise policy.

When the white man appeared, this empire was at the height of its power. No native race could stand against it. But what the native could not do was done by the firearms and the fire water of the white man. Nevertheless, in its decline and fall the empire of the Iroquois exerted a mighty influence on the future empire of the white man. A great part of the effort of the early explorers and conquerors was devoted to bidding for the favor and support of the Iroquois. The fact that the English were, on the whole, more successful in this competition, is undoubtedly an important reason why New York and North America are today largely under the sway of an English-speaking race.

A multitude of the lakes, rivers and other natural beauties of the Empire State still stand as monuments, by their names, to the greatness of this mighty race of Indians.

As in other parts of the continent, the first white men to tread the soil of New York were not those who are commonly acclaimed as its discoverers. In Pompey, Onondaga County, New York, has been unearthed a Spanish headstone which commemorates a comrade who died in 1520. More authentic is the record of Verrazano, a Florentine in the service of Francis I of France. He made three voyages to the American coast. On the second, in April, 1524, he reached a point which he called Cape St. Mary, now Sandy Hook. Sailing through the narrows, he entered what he describes as "a very great river," the shores of which were "thickly inhabited." There are other traces in European records of the probable visits of white sailors to New York Bay and the Hudson River, but so faint and indefinite that their accuracy is open to question.

The year 1609 is notable in the history of New York discovery. In July of that year Samuel de Champlain, a captain in the service of France, who the year before had established himself on the site of what is now the city of Quebec, listened to the appeal of neighboring and friendly Indians that he come to their help against their enemies, the Iroquois. Champlain, who was a zealous Christian, had come with the double object of carrying Christianity to the Indians and establishing a new France in the new world. His first incursion into the land of which he was the discoverer was therefore one of war. This was a fatal mistake, for it incurred the hostility of the Iroquois, upon whom the fate of the future control of the country so largely depended. Guided by his Indian allies, Champlain advanced up the river now known as the Richelieu, or Sorel, to the lake which he discovered and which now bears his name. On July 29 the Iroquois were encountered

on the west side of the lake. The battle was decided by the French arquebuses. Disconcerted by their bullets, to which arrows were but a feeble and ineffective reply, the Iroquois fled, leaving much spoil in the way of Indian corn and native weapons in the hands of the victors. It was a costly success. While, as has been said, it was a tactical victory, it was also a great strategical defeat. Champlain's admirably full and accurate narrative enables us to locate the exact scene of the battle. It was between Lake George and Crown Point, in Ticonderoga, Essex County. Ticonderoga was the scene of the first battle, as it was of so many other battles for supremacy.

On September 3 of the same year, 1609, Henry Hudson, an English navigator in the employ of the Dutch East India Company, after running along the Atlantic Coast from Newfoundland to Chesapeake Bay, turned back on his course and anchored his ship, the *Half Moon*, in lower New York Bay. From Captain John Smith he had heard of the great river. The sailors went ashore and found the land "pleasant, with grass and flowers and as goodly trees as they had ever seen, and very sweet smells came from them." In general, the Indians were reported friendly, though John Coleman, an English sailor, was shot through the throat by an arrow when a boat containing an exploring party of which he was a member was attacked by Indians in two canoes. As no guilt was charged and no revenge taken, it is not improbable that there was provocation.

On September 11 the *Half Moon* started up the river. Near the present village of Catskill the natives made friendly signs and an exchange was made of Indian corn, pumpkins and tobacco for trinkets from the sailors. On September 18, near the site of Castleton, Hudson went ashore and had a friendly conference with an old chief. Next day the *Half Moon* anchored near the site of Albany. A boat was sent up the river, but reported shallow water, so that the *Half Moon* went no

farther. In point of time and distance, these two famous discoverers, Champlain and Hudson, thus came very near to meeting. The lake which bears the name of one and the river called after the other are lasting monuments, not only of the exploits of their discoverers, but of their narrow avoidance of coming into actual contact.

The descent of the river was marred by the first shedding of Indian blood. One adventurer was shot by the mate of the *Half Moon*, near Stony Point, as he was stealing through the cabin window, and another in the hasty flight of the party. Other Indian parties in canoes attacked the ship and were driven off with some loss of life.

In October, Hudson set sail for Holland, but on the way sought port in England, at Dartmouth. Thence he sent a report of the voyage to Holland, but was detained for some months by the English government. Later he entered the service of England and in the *Discovery* entered and explored the great bay which also bears his name. He was deserted there by his crew and left to die alone.

Stimulated by Hudson's discoveries, Holland merchants engaged in the fur trade sent successive vessels to the great river, which they called the Mauritius, in honor of Prince Maurice. Among their captains Hendrick Christiansen built a fort on Castle Island, just below the site of Albany, which he named Fort Nassau. This was so badly damaged by a freshet in 1617 that it was never repaired. When a new fort was built in 1623 it was on the present site of Albany, and was named Fort Orange. While Fort Nassau was standing, the Mohawks reported to its garrison that the French had come to the upper part of their country to trade. The great contest among the nations for the possession of the trade and territory of the future Empire State had begun.

In 1614 a charter was granted by the States General of Holland to

[*Text continued on page* 18.]

THE PIONEER'S HOME

Low and lovely in the gloam,
Stands a quaint historic home;
Birds and bees and blossoms sweet
Build for it a snug retreat.
Once unsheltered, stern, and gray,
In its pioneering day,
Now the tendrils of a vine
Round old chimneys intertwine;
Windows of its sacred rooms,
Purple-stained with lilac blooms.

As the veil of twilight falls
On its venerable walls,
Moss-grown stones and ragged scars
Shine through white syringa stars;
Woodbine running on the eaves
Hangs a valance of bright leaves,
And the old elms spread their soft
Sheltering canopies aloft.

In this strange fantastic light
Lingering before the night,
While the hidden brook below
Murmurs of the long ago,
Shadow-folk, perchance, unseen
Stroll upon the mystic green,
Passing through that ancient door
As they passed in days of yore;
Phantom forms of pioneers
Living over yester-years
In this blossom-bowered home,
Low and lovely in the gloam.

—Mildred Hobbs.

AN AMERICAN STONE COTTAGE—RIDGE ROAD

CHURCHILL PARK

PISCIO—NORTH END

THE GENESEE

AN AMERICAN SHRINE

BROKEN WATER

GENESEE VALLEY CREEK

GENESEE VALLEY FARM

A JUNE STREAM—MECHANICSVILLE

IN RONDOUT VALLEY

A GENESEE TRIBUTARY

A MOUNTAIN PROFILE

THE CLIMAX OF THE ROAD

SCHROON LAKE BEACH

GIANT MOUNTAIN GORGE

CHAMPLAIN—OVER EVERGREENS

AN ADIRONDACK RIVER ROAD

THE ADIRONDACK TRAIL

Ho for the Adirondacks
And a winding vagabond trail
That leads afar in the forest
And dallies along in a dale
And beckons high to a cobalt sky
Where whipping wind-clouds sail!

Ho for the highland vista
Where a shagged peak commands
The sparkle of lake-strewn foothills
And a gleam of golden sands—
With rod and pack upon your back
And nothing in your hands!

Swinging over the mosses,
Climbing the rocky knoll,
A ribbon of sky above you,
And a glimpse of the glorious goal,
You travel light to the mountain height
With a singing heart and soul!

Tracks of bear and bob-cat,
Ferns and flowers frail,
Murmur of trees and brooklets,
The startled deer and quail—
O life's a-thrill among the hills
Of an Adirondack trail!

Tales by the glow of a camp-fire,
Gleaming eyes of a mink,
Moonlit mist on the waters
Where deer come down to drink;
And heaven shines through whispering pines
Where one can dream and think!

—Mildred Hobbs.

a company of Amsterdam merchants, giving them exclusive rights of trade and exploration in the newly discovered land. On its expiration, this charter was not renewed; but in 1621 the Dutch West India Company was chartered. This was endowed with enormous powers. After the spread-eagle fashion of the time, it was given exclusive rights in the domains of the Dutch between the Tropic of Cancer and the Cape of Good Hope, and on the coasts of America from Newfoundland to the Straits of Magellan. It was the happy practice of all the nations engaged in exploration to claim not only everything in sight but everything that could possibly be dreamed of. France and England were not behind Holland in granting great chunks of the universe to favored companies regardless of what native or European inhabitants might be, for the time being, in possession. Eventually, of course, the land fell to those who actually occupied and defended it; but their pretentious claims supplied them with a pretext for their incursions. Even in those times the empire builders thought it necessary to save their face by some form of documentary claim upon the desired territory.

Upon the Dutch West India Company were conferred enormous powers, not only of trade but of government. The first aim of these expeditions had been the carrying on of the fur trade, but permanent settlers began slowly to come in. The authority of the Company was placed in the hands of a director general. The first of these, Peter Minuit, coming in 1626, signalized his administration by the purchase from the Indians of the entire island of Manhattan for sixty guilders—about twenty-four dollars. Even on the basis of values then current, to say nothing of the present, this exchange appears to have been a striking example both of the thrift of the Dutch and the guilelessness of the natives; but so far as there is record, both parties to the transaction were entirely satisfied. Other similar purchases of great tracts of land may have shown sharp bargaining on the part of the Dutch, but

their acquisition of the land was at least honorably free from all deeds of violence.

Wouter Van Twiller was another director general, whose name is perhaps better known to fame than any other because of the inimitably comic and not entirely historical portrait of him painted by Washington Irving. Irving's farcical history is responsible for giving, to persons lacking humor, an erroneous impression of those old directors. As a matter of fact, they did much besides sit in the sun, drink beer and smoke long-stemmed pipes. The administration of colonial affairs by the Dutch government was inefficient; the conduct of the directors general was almost uniformly arbitrary, tyrannical, and unreasonable; but there was some energy and ability in their conduct of affairs, for the settlements grew and trade to some extent prospered.

The last of the directors general was the redoubtable Peter Stuyvesant, who was also a man of ability and force. His overbearing, tyrannical temper, however, alienated the people. He curtailed their right of popular representation and appeal, interfered with and suppressed their festivals, and showed a total lack of the graces of popular leadership. When, therefore, in August, 1664, an expedition fitted out by the Duke of York, afterwards King James II of England, with the countenance of his brother, King Charles II, appeared before the feeble defenses of New Amsterdam, demanding its surrender, Stuyvesant found no popular support in his determination to resist. So far from supporting him, they begged him to surrender. Finding resistance hopeless, he complied. By a bloodless conquest New Amsterdam became New York.

The Duke of York was also Duke of Albany, so that, while as James II his name became one of infamy, he succeeded in giving his former titles to the chief city and the capital city of the Empire State, as well as to the State itself. In the war between England and Holland

which followed, the colony again changed hands; but in the treaty of Westminster, signed February 19, 1674, it again reverted to England. The struggle for the territory was far from over, but the government remained forever after in English hands. At the time, the colony did not contain over 12,000 white inhabitants. Settlements were scattered along the Hudson as far as Albany, and up the Mohawk to the site of Schenectady.

The Dutch scepter should not be permitted to pass forever from the soil of America without mention of the patroon system, which was so important a force during the days of the Dutch government and even afterwards, and which has left such picturesque remains in the records of the state and on the landscape along the banks of the Hudson, and whose memory is present in many of the famous New York family names.

For stirring historic associations and picturesque charm, the Hudson is lord among the rivers of America. It is not surpassed by any river of the world, and it is often and appropriately called the Rhine of America. Its total length is about 300 miles, and it is navigable as far as Albany—145 miles. Every mile of it is connected with thrilling history. On its upper waters the Indian and the discoverer, and afterwards the English and the French, strove for mastery. On its lower reaches were fought some of the most famous battles of the Revolution and from the beginning to the end of that war the patriots and the British strove for its control as one of the great objectives. The conquests of peace along its banks have been no less remarkable than those of war.

Among its most picturesque features in early days was the development of the great manorial estates of the Dutch "patroons," who exercised a sway over great sections not unlike that of the great feudal barons. The remains of these old manorial estates are among the most

interesting of historical relics, the most notable being the manors of Rensselaerwyck, Livingston, Van Cortlandt, and Philipse.

The Van Rensselaer patroonship was the first to be created and the longest to endure. It expired with General Stephen Van Rensselaer in 1839. The grant was made to Kilian Van Rensselaer of Amsterdam in 1629. At first he had partners, but in 1685 the great estate became the sole property of the Van Rensselaer family. The Manor House, modified and restored some years ago, stands on the site of the original Van Rensselaer dwelling in the northern suburbs of Albany.

The Livingston Manor was created by act of Governor Dongan in 1689. Robert Livingston, first of the name in America, married the wealthy widow of the Reverend Nicholas Van Rensselaer—Alida, daughter of Colonel Peter Schuyler of Albany—in 1678. Thus were linked three famous colonial names. From the Indians, Livingston bought sixty thousand acres of land on the east side of the Hudson River opposite the Kaatsbergs (Catskill Mountains). When created a manor in 1715, it contained 150,000 acres. By Dongan's patent, confirmed by royal authority, it was entitled "Manor of Livingston," and its proprietor was authorized to exercise manorial privileges. These privileges constituted the proprietor the feudal chief of his domain with the title *patroon*—patron or defender. He was to be lord of the manor, political and otherwise. He might hold courts for the trial of petty offenses. If cities should grow up on his estate, he was to appoint their magistrates and other officers. For ten years every man, woman and child who settled on the estate was bound not to leave the service of the patroon without his written consent. In Dutch times, the interests of the patroons often came into conflict with those of the West India Company and its officials, and the whole system naturally and inevitably disappeared with the growth of popular government.

The Livingston Manor was later divided into the Upper and Lower

Manor. The Lower Manor House, built by Robert R. Livingston, the eminent Chancellor, stands not far from Tivoli on the Hudson.

When the British burned Kingston in 1777, they went on and burned both of the Livingston manor houses. The Chancellor's mother was occupying the older one. Both were rebuilt; the Chancellor's on a more elaborate scale. It was called "Clermont," after the original, and has been preserved in its former style by its present owners, the Clarksons, relatives of the Livingstons.

In 1697 "the lordship and manor of Courtlandt" was created by royal authority. It contained 83,000 acres, situated in Westchester County, which had been purchased by Stephen Van Cortlandt, one of the governor's council at New York. The Van Cortlandt manor house was built by John Van Cortlandt, son of the first "lord of the manor," at the beginning of the eighteenth century. It is situated on the right side of the Croton River, near where it enters the Hudson.

Stephen Van Cortlandt was the son of Orlaff Stevens Van Cortlandt, who came to New Amsterdam at the time of the redoubtable Wouter van Twiller. The "first lord of the manor" married Gertrude Schuyler, another conjunction of distinguished colonial names.

Frederick Philipse was the founder of another manorial estate. The family was descended from the Viscounts Felyps of Bohemia. The ancestor of the lord of the manor came to New Amsterdam in 1658 and became one of the leaders in the city of New York. He spelled his name "Vrederyck Felypsen." His initials, "V. F.," recently could be seen, and perhaps can to this day, on the weathervane of the Sleepy Hollow church, near Tarrytown.

Philipse, the "lord of the manor," bought of the Indians a tract of land on both sides of the Po-can-te-co creek, in Westchester County, fronting on the Hudson, and comprising about 390 square miles. By royal authority in 1693, it was erected into the "Lordship and Manor

of Philipsburg." It paid an annual rent to the Crown of a little less than five dollars. The manor house at Tarrytown was built of stone, and was called Philipse Castle. Later, in 1745, a lower manor house was built at Yonkers. This is still standing and contains some fine details of colonial architecture.

The one hundred years from the beginning of English government to the outbreak of the American Revolution were marked by the slow and painful settlement of the country, menaced almost constantly by hostile attacks from the French and their Indian allies. The long duel between England and France on both sides of the globe had its most desperate and savage phases in the new world. All English possessions were equally aimed at by France, but from its situation New York was very largely the battleground. Constant forays back and forth by the two contestants often rose to the dimensions of small campaigns. One of these, by a mixed force of French and Indians, as all of them were, was organized by Frontenac, one of the notable governors of Canada. In February, 1690, he surprised the little fort and settlement at Schenectady, killed sixty persons and carried away twenty-seven; old men, women, and children. Peter Schuyler, mayor of Albany, in appealing to Massachusetts for help, described this exploit as a "dreadful massacre," as truly any such expedition with Indian allies was very likely to be. As a counter stroke, John Schuyler, brother of the mayor, led a successful attack by forty whites and one hundred Mohawks against a fort at La Prairie, opposite Montreal. The next year, 1691, Philip Schuyler led a force of Iroquois and settlers northward from Albany and drove a force of French and Indians estimated at one hundred and twenty back into the defenses of La Prairie in a fight described by Frontenac as "the most hot and stubborn ever fought in Canada."

The long border warfare finally culminated in the so-called French

and Indian war. On New York soil it was marked by the defeat of the French, September 8, 1755, by General Sir William Johnson, of whom more later. This fight was called the Battle of Lake George. It served to lighten a little the general gloom caused by the defeat of Braddock. A series of successes by the French under Montcalm followed, including the capture of the fort at Oswego, of Fort Edward near the scene of Sir William Johnson's victory, and the disastrous repulse of the assault on Ticonderoga by the British under General Abercrombie.

In 1859 the tide turned. Fort Niagara was captured by Sir William Johnson; General Jeffrey Amherst drove the French out of Ticonderoga and Crown Point, and finally, September 17, on the Plains of Abraham, where the opposing generals, Wolfe and Montcalm, both fell, the scepter of the American north and east passed from the hands of France.

Many chapters have been written by Parkman and others on the exploits of the Jesuit missionaries during all of these stirring times. There can be no question of the courage, zeal, devotion, daring and dreadful suffering of these devoted men. It was a curious medley of war and peace shown in many of these French enterprises, in the same expedition being one party bent on saving the souls of the natives and another determined to despoil them of their lands. Naturally the devoted missionaries suffered unspeakably because of the hostile intentions of their associates.

One of the most noted of these Jesuit missionaries and martyrs was Isaac Jogues, like many of his kind "an accomplished scholar, an adventurous traveler, devoted to French interests, but, above all, a zealous apostle of Christ." On August 3, 1642, on the Lake of St. Peter in the St. Lawrence, while returning to the Hurons with a party of boatmen and converts, Jogues was captured by a war party of Iroquois,

MOUNTAIN BORN—HIGH FALLS

CUT FROM THE CLIFF

A NEW YORK CREEK

A LAKE CAMP

A NEW YORK BOWERY—WORCESTER

A CHENANGO ROADSIDE

A KINDERHOOK CURVE—NORTH NASSAU

SENTINEL MOUNTAIN

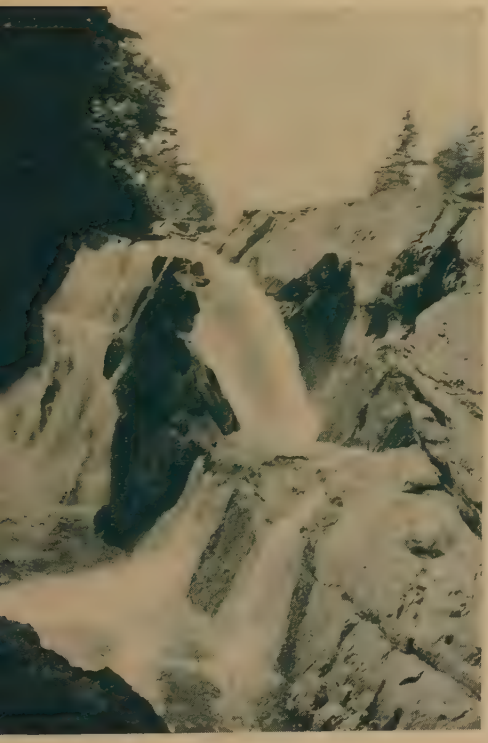
AN ELIZABETHTOWN ROAD

APPROACHING THE BRIDGE—BEAR MOUNTAIN

IN THE ADIRONDACKS—NEAR ELIZABETHTOWN

THE YOUTH OF THE YEAR

A YORK STATE ELM—MALTA



UNDER HIGH FALLS
ADIRONDACKS

JUNE ON THE CREEK
MECHANICSVILLE

HUDSON EVERGREENS

A LICHEN-DECKED BOULDER

With others of his companions he was subjected to the most dreadful tortures of which savage ingenuity could conceive. He was then compelled to serve the Indians and sought to teach them the gospel. In the forest he repeated his prayers and carved the cross and the name of Jesus on the bark of trees. He was finally ransomed by Dutch benefactors at Fort Orange (Albany), and returned to Europe. By a special dispensation the Pope restored to him, crippled by his sufferings, the privilege of saying mass, forbidden to any one having physical deformity. In 1644 he returned to Canada and in 1646 he went to the scene of his missionary labors. Here he was again subjected to fearful tortures and was finally dispatched by a blow from a hatchet. Jogues was but one of many.

A Jesuit father, Simon Le Moyne, was the first white man to observe the salt springs in the neighborhood of the present city of Syracuse, which are a source of profit to the present day.

Most noted of all these Jesuit missionaries was the famous explorer La Salle, who was active in this region before he went on to the west and finally perished miserably at the hands of his companions on the lower Mississippi.

In this connection should also be mentioned the devoted missionaries from New England who worked among the Iroquois teaching the arts as well as preaching the gospel. Graduates of the New England colleges were conspicuous among them. From the schools at Stockbridge, Mass., under the famous Jonathan Edwards, and those at Lebanon, Conn., under Dr. Wheelock, came a stream of educated and devoted missionaries. The Reverend Gideon Hawley went to the Iroquois in 1752 and has left an interesting journal of his experience. Samuel Kirkland, going to the Senecas and Oneidas in 1764, established an academy for the Indians and their instructors, which has grown into Hamilton College, at Clinton, seven miles from Utica. The little village of Kirk-

land, three miles from Clinton, still preserves the name of this devoted missionary.

Almost unseen by the world that was watching the more spectacular events of the time, the settlement of the country went steadily forward. Among the first comers were companies of German Palatines, who left their homes on the Rhine because of disasters caused by the wars of Louis XIV. Arriving in 1709, they lived successively in New York, Livingston Manor, and Schenectady. In 1714 one hundred and fifty families settled in what is now Middleburg, Schoharie County. Conrad Weiser was a leader, and the place was called Weiserdorp. Long-continued disputes over the titles to their lands finally determined them to seek a new home, and in 1723 began an exodus by way of the Charlotte and Susquehanna Rivers to Conestoga, Pa. Thus New York lost and Pennsylvania gained a large portion of this splendid stock. In Palatine Bridge, the town of German Flats and their original patent of Stone Arabia, their memory is preserved to this day.

What was lost by the going of the immigrants from the Palatinates was more than made up by the incoming of a branch of the great Scotch-Irish race, which has played such an eminent part in the history of America. Like the Pilgrims and the Puritans, the main incentive of their coming was to escape religious persecution and secure freedom of conscience. Douglas Campbell says that "ships enough could not be found to carry from Ulster to America the men who were unwilling to live except in the air of religious freedom." The influx, says Campbell, lasted for half a century. Entire districts were almost depopulated. Within two years some 30,000 crossed the Atlantic. From this Scotch-Irish stock came General Henry Knox, John Stark, Anthony Wayne, John Sullivan, George, James and DeWitt Clinton, Patrick Henry, Daniel Boone, Andrew Jackson, Hugh McCulloch and Horace Greeley.

From those who landed in Boston in August, 1710, the larger

number went to New Hampshire, and thence came the men who built up Cherry Valley, the first permanent settlement within the domain of Otsego County. In 1769 forty or fifty families, mostly Scotch-Irish, were living in the Cherry Valley settlement. A vivid picture of the time and place is given in Cooper's *Wyandotte,* which represents a party as coming up the Mohawk to Otsego Lake and then in boats to the mouth of the Unadilla, which they ascended.

From the settlers of the three stocks, Palatine, Scotch-Irish and Dutch, came the men who bore the brunt of the conflict in central New York when the war with England began. They were patriots almost to a man. The Tories were recruited from the English, Irish and Scotch Highlanders.

A notable figure of this time was Sir William Johnson, who had sway over a vast tract in the Mohawk and Susquehanna valleys, not unlike that of a feudal chief. Born in Ireland in 1715, Johnson came to America to take charge of a property in the Mohawk Valley belonging to his uncle, Admiral Sir Peter Warren. Johnson acquired by purchase a great domain on the upper Susquehanna, estimated to contain 100,000 acres. During the French and Indian troubles he was appointed sole superintendent of Indian affairs and it was largely owing to his fair dealing and powerful influence that the Iroquois were held to the English side. In the French and Indian War he commanded with success forces of considerable size, and, as already narrated, he was of great service to the English cause. He married a German girl by whom he had two children, a daughter and a son who later became Sir John Johnson, one of the leaders of the British and Tory side in the battle of Oriskany. Also, according to Indian custom, he married a secondary wife, Mary Brant, sister of Joseph Brant, the noted Iroquois chief. She bore him eight children. He built an elaborate house which he called Johnson Hall and which is still standing in the village of

Johnstown, Fulton County. An illustration is shown in this volume. Sir William Johnson died in 1774.

On the outbreak of the Revolution, the soil of New York again became the center of conflict and was the scene of some of its most famous battles. The evacuation of Boston was followed by Washington's disastrous campaign on Long Island and Manhattan Island, and from that time until the end of the war the city of New York was in British hands.

The strategy of the British was to make New York a wedge between New England and the other colonies. Hence the campaign against Burgoyne, whose glorious ending at Saratoga is known to every schoolboy. Scarcely less famous is the battle of Bennington, where the force of Germans sent out by Burgoyne to gather supplies was well-nigh annihilated by General John Stark. The battle of Oriskany, which was perhaps even more disastrous to the Burgoyne campaign, is possibly not so well known. In this battle a formidable force of Indians and Tories under General St. Leger, and with Sir John Johnson and the noted Iroquois chief, Joseph Brant, as subordinate commanders, was met and utterly defeated by a force of farmers under General Nicholas Herkimer, who lost his life in the battle. "The battle of Oriskany," says Ellis H. Roberts, "was for the numbers engaged the bloodiest, as it was perhaps the most picturesque, battle of the Revolution." The result was disastrous to Burgoyne and equally disastrous to the great Iroquois nation.

No territory suffered more than that of New York from the ravages of the war. Parties of Tories and Indians laid waste the country and killed its inhabitants. A notable incident was the so-called Cherry Valley massacre. A force of eight hundred Tories and Indians under Walter Butler and Chief Joseph Brant, on Nov. 11, 1778, surprised the little fort at Cherry Valley, butchered forty-three persons, including

women and children, burned all the buildings and carried away all the domestic animals. So brutal was the massacre that even Chief Brant protested against it and charged the responsibility upon Butler.

The patriot forces exacted a fearful reprisal for this and other outrages. An army under General Sullivan marched into the territory of the Cayugas and Senecas, defeated at Newtown, near Elmira, an army under Brant, Johnson and Butler and ravaged the country. With a loss of only forty lives to Sullivan's force, eighteen Indian villages were annihilated, 150,000 bushels of corn and immense quantities of other provisions were destroyed. The tribes were ruined and ceased to give organized support to the British cause. It was a blow from which the Iroquois never recovered. After the Revolution they sank into insignificance.

After the war the country was settled with great rapidity, especially the western half which the struggle had brought to the notice of the invading forces. Military lands to the amount of 180,000 acres were opened up and immigration flowed in like a torrent. Between 1784 and 1800, two cities, three large villages and numerous small settlements sprang up and the population of the state doubled in numbers.

In the second war with Great Britain, New York was again a principal battleground, but like the war itself, the events here were for the most part inglorious. The battle-scarred region around Lake Champlain was again marched and fought over. Invasions went back and forth across the Canadian border and small actions were fought on Lakes Ontario and Champlain. In 1813, the American army advanced to within striking distance of Montreal, but returned because of lack of coöperation between the commanders. British forces captured Fort Niagara and seized Buffalo. Perhaps the most notable action was that of Lundy's Lane, near Niagara, where forces under General Winfield Scott defeated veterans who had served under Wellington in the

French wars. The net result, however, was little glory and no decisive advantage to either side, and much loss and distress to the settlers on the northern border.

In its development during the century following the Revolution, New York more than kept pace with the amazing growth of the rest of the nation. Its principal city, second to Boston in Revolutionary times, grew until it now makes plausible claims to being the largest city in the world. Whether one estimates the population under one municipal government, or the population within a circle comprising a municipal unit with New York as a center, it has been convincingly estimated that New York City is larger than London. By the latest estimates, the population of the city proper is above six millions. The population of the New York municipal district is millions more. For many years New York City has been indisputably the financial center of the continent. Since the World War it has increasing basis for the claim that it is the financial center of the world.

As has been said, the state was destined by nature for preëminence, owing to the surpassing advantage of its situation with respect to the great continental waterways. In the early years of the nineteenth century, before the advent of the railway, this advantage was even more striking than it is today. The far-sighted statesmen who were at the head of her affairs made the most of it.

On August 7, 1807, the *Clermont*, equipped with steam power by Robert Fulton of New York, successfully made the trip from New York to Albany at an average rate of five miles an hour. Chancellor Livingston, who had previously experimented with steam navigation, uniting with Fulton secured a monopoly on New York waters, and regular lines of steamboats were soon plying on the Hudson.

But the most notable achievement of these early years in water transport was the construction of the Erie Canal, an enterprise which

immortalized the name of De Witt Clinton and conferred great lasting benefits on his state and especially its principal city. As early as 1777, Gouverneur Morris declared that "at no distant day the waters of the great inland seas would, by the aid of man, break through their barriers and mingle with the waters of the Hudson." In 1800, after a visit to Niagara, he dreamed a dream of "ships to sail from London through the Hudson River to Lake Erie." Clinton himself ascribes the original idea to Judge Francis A. van der Kemp, who in 1792 proposed a route from the Hudson to the Mohawk, to the Genesee lands, and thence to Lake Ontario.

The project was pressed by Morris, Clinton, Robert Livingston and Robert Fulton, and met with the usual objections, obstruction, indifference, and counter-proposals. Clinton became its most conspicuous advocate. It became a political issue and finally hinged on Clinton's election as governor. Though vehemently and ably opposed by Martin Van Buren, Clinton was overwhelmingly elected.

The first spadeful of earth was turned at Rome, Oneida County, on July 4, 1817. The middle section, from the Seneca River to Utica, with a branch to Onondaga Lake at Syracuse, was opened to navigation in October, 1819. In the late autumn of 1825, the first boat, the *Seneca Chief*, with Governor Clinton on board, passed from Lake Erie to the Hudson. The canal cost $9,000,000 and was a little over eight years in building.

The completion of the Erie Canal made New York City the center of the country's commerce. No other single influence of these early times contributed so much to its prosperity. Along the line of the canal, from one end to the other, grew up flourishing cities, like Buffalo, Rochester, Syracuse, Utica, Schenectady and Albany, and the incentive given them by this great waterway has never been lost.

[*Text continued on page* 49.]

SPRING SONGS

WOOD FLOWERS

Hepaticas vie
With anemones' bloom;
Violets breathing
The fragrance of springs,
Unfold to the sky
And sweetly perfume
Bright things unsheathing
Their butterfly wings!

BIRCH POOLS

Bending above the pools in sheltered places,
Tall, white-limbed sisters dip their new green laces.

MIRACLE OF SPRING

On Easter morn
I heard a bluebird sing,
"New life is born!
Hail, miracle of spring!
The running sap,
The blossoming of trees,
The meadow's lap
Of pollen-laden bees!
Slow creeping things
Transformed to butterflies
With gorgeous wings
A-flutter in the skies!"
From dreams enticed,
I heard the bluebird sing,
"Hail, risen Christ!
Hail, Miracle of Spring!"

—MILDRED HOBBS.

BRANT DAISIES

LAKE MAHOPAC

LAKE BRANT BIRCHES

A KNICKERBOCKER FIREPLACE

A COLONIAL CORNICE—FREY HOUSE

SACONDAGA GLEN

A KNICKERBOCKER GREETING

A SPRINGFIELD PATH

OLD LOG BRIDGE

CHATHAM CENTRE

ALLEN CREEK—RIDGE COVE

A LOCKSKILL BROOK

AN AMERICAN HOME—NEW ROCHELLE

A NEW YORK CREEK

RIVER DELIGHTS

LAKE VANARE

Clinton was born in Little Britain, Orange County, in 1769, and died in Albany in 1828. He was graduated from Columbia College, was secretary to his uncle, Governor George Clinton, and was mayor of New York City. Being opposed to the War of 1812, he ran for president as a peace candidate but was defeated by James Madison. He was twice governor of the state. Says the historian Lossing: "The city of New York owes him a debt of gratitude it can never repay. . . . It is not creditable to the citizens of the metropolis that among the many statues of eminent Americans and foreigners which appear in public places no memorial of stone or bronze has ever been erected in their city in commemoration of their great benefactor, *De Witt Clinton.*"

For years the Erie Canal was the main thoroughfare across the state, not only for freight but for passengers. Stories of the fathers still linger in the memories of those now living, telling of trips by packet, drawn by three or four horses driven tandem at a speed as high as six miles per hour. In everything but speed, this mode of travel shines in comparison with our own. The traveler passed along river valleys and through fertile plains often amid scenes of great beauty. At night his sleeping accommodations were more comfortable than those of a modern Pullman, and far superior in the absence of cinders, smoke, dust and noise.

With the advent of the railroad, the glory departed from the Erie Canal; but the traditions of it are a fragrant memory and idyllic in their peaceful charm. Its successor, the present barge canal, has about it little of the old halo, and has yet to demonstrate its practical value. The capacity of the canal is a challenge to a much larger use.

A connecting link between the old and the new in transportation, between the canals and the railroads, between the Fultons, Livingstons and Clintons and the Hills, Harrimans and Van Swearingens, was Cornelius Vanderbilt. He was a strictly New York product. Born on

Staten Island in 1794, humble in station, and, like his modern counterpart, Henry Ford, lacking and neglecting education, he had, nevertheless, an extraordinary organizing talent. Beginning by ferrying farm products to New York, he became a steamboat captain, then embarked on building steamboats to ply the Hudson and Long Island Sound. Later he established lines of ships to San Francisco and to Europe.

Vanderbilt foresaw the future greatness of the railroads. He was the first and in his time the greatest of the great railroad magnates. He established the New York Central system along the old trade line of the Hudson and the Erie Canal. He was the originator of the great trunk-line systems. After 1873 he managed 2,000 miles of railroad. He died in 1877 worth a colossal fortune. His son William H., better educated but less picturesque and original, inherited much of his father's executive ability. He managed the Vanderbilt railway system with exceptional ability and increased the family fortune. For years the name of Vanderbilt was coupled with that of Astor as the greatest of New York plutocrats. Supreme among New York railroads, the New York Central stands as peculiarly and typically a New York institution.

The sons of New York have from the beginning been eminent among the leaders of the nation. Alexander Hamilton, perhaps the statesman of the greatest original genius the country has produced, was one of the fathers of the Constitution, and one of the most powerful supporters of the new nation. Of him Webster said: "He touched the dead corpse of the nation's credit and it sprang to life." The state may well claim to be a mother of presidents. Five of her sons have sat in the presidential chair: Van Buren, Fillmore, Arthur, Cleveland, and Roosevelt. William H. Seward, the great war Secretary of State, was governor of New York and senator from his state before he entered Lincoln's cabinet. Among eminent senators from New York have been

Philip Schuyler, Rufus King, Martin Van Buren, William L. Marcy, Roscoe Conkling, William M. Evarts and Joseph H. Choate. John Jay of New York was the first Chief Justice of the United States. He also served with distinction in the Continental Congress and as ambassador both during and after the Revolution. Of him Webster said: "When the spotless ermine of the judicial robe fell on Jay it touched nothing less spotless than itself."

New York early gave American literature many famous names. Washington Irving immortalized Sleepy Hollow, the Catskills and the old Dutch settlers of New York. The romances of James Fenimore Cooper brought back the perils and adventures of the pioneers of the old New York frontier. Fitz Greene Halleck, Joseph Rodman Drake and William Cullen Bryant are other names whose distinction in literature was outstanding.

If Henry Hudson could return and anchor his tiny *Half Moon* beside the great *Leviathan;* if the rude huts of Wouter van Twiller's time could be set beside the Woolworth building, the contrast would but feebly express the marvelous changes wrought in three centuries. The representatives of either time would seem to each other like inhabitants of another planet, far stranger than the naked Indian seemed to the invading Dutchmen. The very landscape would be changed. The territory of this state would be found to have become a mighty empire, far greater than any European nation of the time of the discoverers. The landscape of lake and forest, scantily peopled by dwellers in flimsy settlements, would be changed to a scene of smiling homesteads, a land dotted with great cities, threaded by steel shuttles propelled by steam, electricity or gas, which the wondering eyes of the discoverers had never seen, and of which in their wildest imaginings they had never forecast. They would find the island purchased by the thrifty Minuit for sixty guilders covered by a city greater than any of which they had ever

dreamed, the financial center of the new world and the greatest city of all the world; and if they could collect their scattered faculties, they might be moved to exclaim, in the words of another distinguished son of New York, when giving another unheard of wonder, the electric telegraph, to the world: "What hath God wrought!"

MAPS OF NEW YORK

THE best road map is that issued by the state. No one seems to have the business sagacity to copy carefully this map. So long as the public will bear having cheap commercial maps foisted upon them, probably there will be little improvement.

New York being at the head, in the union, of road improvement, it is worth while to look over the immense amount of work done and proposed. On the side of expense, the barge canal is a mere drop in the bucket. The road work in New York in a single year exceeds the national budget for all purposes of the years not so long before the Mexican War. Even railways would be appalled at anything approaching this vast, monumental work. The word "monumental" is used advisedly, for however much the surfaces of these new solid roads may break up, in the next generation, the bold grading pioneer work will last while the world stands. The blasting away of cliffs and the filling of valleys with broken rock form a foundation by which the latest generation, unless men all fly, will profit.

Of course, in work of this nature a map is needed every year; or every month, for that matter. The only manner of touring in comfort is to get the facts regarding road work ahead. This is not so easy as it seems. Experience has shown that there is no convenient source

of knowledge locally available. If one who has just made the journey can be asked, that is best.

These state maps, however, do not recognize the existence of mountains, for which omission one cannot find fault. But some commercial map showing features of interest is needed greatly. A series of bird's-eye view maps, giving a hint of the contours of the hills, would have large value.

Some of the ancient maps of New York, now sought by collectors, were of this character and are of very great interest; though, owing to lack of surveys, they are, of course, grotesquely out of proportion.

The roads approaching Bear Mountain bridge are well marked and advertised, and the advertising map given out by the toll takers is a help in the immediate vicinity, though the taste and the ethics of advertising a product by state officials may be open to question. If the toll is paid, one might think an accurate map could be "thrown in."

The survey maps by the national government are the best sources for accuracy and details, allowing for modern road changes. These maps used to be available at two dollars per hundred, a charge far below cost, but the price has been advanced recently to a point as extreme in the other direction. However, if one wishes to learn with any degree of satisfaction a portion of one of the states, these maps are indispensable, as they give the elevations everywhere and also every physical and calling feature.

The road books are a bad joke, their misinformation, owing to the emphasis caused by advertising, is most misleading, and their information is from seven to forty years behind the times. What America could do in case of a war would be greatly handicapped by the lack of adequate information on our own country, even in its most populous regions. The national money for roads, also, in the poorer states,

should be strictly confined to the great through routes, until these are finished. None of them are finished.

TOURING NEW YORK

IT is always well to carry some form of food for emergency. The remoter parts of the state are no better off in respect to stomach "filling stations" than are the remoter western states. In fact, it is easier to buy engine supplies than food. On one occasion in the western Adirondacks, a journey of sixty miles was needed to reach a grocery, because that was the only, though a good, resource. Our glassed and canned foods are now so various that one need not starve.

A motor car of some well known and widely sold standard is also advisable, as many villages are without experts; and needed parts for cars, however fine, are hard to obtain unless the make is common.

Of course, a closed car is the only thing, though the tendency to lower the cowl in front has left little visible there. Motors ignore the fact that mountains, or even trees, have tops. Everyone should travel with a camera; one sees what escapes another, and a small camera is very little trouble and still less bulk.

The best season is the autumn, and the next best, the spring. Summer traffic is wearisome and deprives touring of pleasure on the main routes. But the roads are better in the fall than in the spring. The blossom season may balance the season of colored foliage. Hotel accommodations are easily available before and after the madding crowd has passed. The real life of the country is more natural and better estimated at any other time of the year than the summer. The main state roads are now well cleared in winter and the glory of the country

in that season is happily being more and more observed, especially in the Adirondacks.

One of the important needs of touring is automobile laundries. Even when one travels with a chauffeur, it is often impossible to get access to a washing stand.

The time of day to motor, when the sun shines, in summer, is before nine and after three o'clock. Then the side lights are fine, especially quite early and late, and the midday heat is avoided. On a cloudy day the whole time is agreeable. In fall and spring the lights always come from the side, all day long. This is a commonly unobserved reason for the beauty of the landscapes in those seasons.

The main route up the east side of the Hudson passes the finest estates; but little is seen of their beauty, as they lie remote. This necessary route is therefore more to be tolerated than enjoyed, filled as it is with every conceivable roadside vulgarity. The route from Albany to Saratoga is pleasant, not remarkable. The new road west of Lake George is a joy and a continual revelation of beauty, especially if one occasionally makes short digressions on little side roads, to the hill tops. Through Ticonderoga, to Ausable Chasm, the most beautiful water and rock formation in the east, up the west shore of Champlain, through several charming villages like Essex and Westport, one finds many pleasing visions. The Adirondacks do not generally reach the lake and at times there is a wide and flat area between lake and mountain. Taken all in all, however, it is not a journey to be missed.

Plattsburg, lately come into so much prominence as a training quarters for officers, is also a point of departure for the Adirondacks, though it must be said the road into those mountains from Plattsburg is tame for fifty miles. To the north of Plattsburg, also, the country flattens.

The road up the west bank of the Hudson is more rural and with the

Palisades and the mountain route through the Highlands, is the best American example of placing a highway in reference to fine scenery. North of Cornwall the route is quiet, through farms or small towns.

A journey from Westchester on the country route, between the Hudson River road and the western line of New England, reveals the old rural life of New York to perfection, with its imperfections. The tide of improvement is largely lacking north of Brewster, but one frequently comes upon stretches of wonderful natural charm. Following this very winding but nearly always good highway almost to Lake George is a continuous experience of sweet little valleys or more extensive views. The Berkshires are seen fully more effectively than from any point in Massachusetts, where they lie; and the Green Mountains also, on their western slopes show unfamiliar but ravishingly beautiful outlines.

The route from Tarrytown or its vicinity across the ferry and through Middletown to Binghamton is to be recommended, as are the several routes often mentioned, from Albany to Binghamton. From the Hudson, at Catskill or its neighborhood, one passes west through the Catskills to reach one of the routes just mentioned.

The Finger Lakes in autumn, during the grape harvest, offer a large and delightful prospect. Watkins Glen and the numerous falls near the southern end of these lakes come into the same tour. Montour Falls and the unimportant but pleasing Leather Stocking Falls, and perhaps a dozen others are near at hand. The Finger Lakes themselves, as of course the Hudson, are best seen from the decks of steamers.

Ithaca, as the center of a great university, a fine agricultural region, and because it contains various cascades and charming walks, is prominent among the lake cities. Auburn and Geneva are fine in their sense of civic beauty, their educational equipment, their beautiful homes, and their sense of abundance. A week or more is required for the examination of the best environs of the lakes. Their historic interest, and the

A CANANDAIGUA GLIMPSE

A PROSPECT STREAM

MOUTH OF THE GLEN

AN ITHACA RAPID

GREENBUSH BRIDGE

A SUMMER MIRROR

AN ONEONTA STREAM

TWIN CHURCHES

MOSSY LOGS

CANANDAIGUA FROM THE WEST

ABOVE CANANDAIGUA

THE CREEK NEAR RIDGE ROAD

CANANDAIGUA BANKS

BETWEEN WILLOW AND BIRCH

A FINGER LAKE FALL

AUSABLE CHASM

romance which surrounds them in a beautiful half-revealing, half-concealing veil of mystery, are not among the least of their attractions. Elmira, one of their cities, in many ways is typical of the best small city life of America.

Unhappily for literature, the author of *Main Street* did not seem to know such cities as those around the lakes. They are as foreign to *Main Street* as possible. The author was depicting a type, but that type is not here. He has no doubt done more than a little to awake the Main Streets to their deficiencies, but no one book can show the types of American small city life; it would require a library. And the villages, if leavened, as is sometimes the case, by the residence of scholarly persons, may reveal themselves as among the choicest and most desirable places of residence for broad minds.

Resuming our tours, there is a dropping off of boldness in the scenery west and north of the Finger Lakes. The cities of the Mohawk Valley, teeming and numerous, are not as picturesque as the regions to the south of them. But Utica, Rome, Schenectady, Syracuse, are not far south of the Adirondacks. These cities, so far as they seek after what is good and durable architecturally, command our interest. There is now a mighty movement, no less, for the beautifying of cities by civic monuments or edifices. The Great War memorials are a far cry from those erected after the Civil War. Some of these memorials, not a few in fact, will long remain creditable examples of a better taste and finer knowledge, which has been called out by our universities. These universities themselves, and the minor colleges, in the last generation have made use to an unparalleled degree of a Gothic or Tudor adaptation of architecture. If any American desires to speak of the beauty of his country he cannot equip himself except by a tour of the institutions of learning. Altogether New York state alone can offer a catalog of such edifices that would decorate, and decorate adequately,

several English counties. Our corporate encouragement of architecture has been far more extensive and satisfactory than our private architectural taste. Perhaps this is proper and necessary. Perhaps it is only through the expression of good taste in architecture by institutions that the rank and file of Americans are to derive their inspiration for adequate housing for the average man.

From Vassar to the finer edifices of Buffalo, there has arisen many a gem of architecture fit to stand for all ages, like the noble edifices of England and France, as the expression of an inspiration which lives and flows in many American hearts. With a history such as ours and a lineage including many countries that respect architecture, we are entering an age that will embody in stone, in a manner and an extent hitherto undreamed, the finest traditions of the past in their adaptation to American needs.

In fact, no sort of journey could be filled with greater delight than a tour from one fine architectural group to another. Between the towns, opportunities to observe fine pictorial compositions would occur. The growth of architecture as shown in our universities and other corporate or municipal bodies, in the period since the Great War, is impressive in the highest degree. Beginning with New York City at Columbia University and following a college pilgrimage, one might accumulate a series of pictures—unhappily barred from this work—that would dispel all pessimism on the future of architecture. If building goes on as rapidly for the next fifty years, we shall arrive at a condition in which the number and nature of our public buildings will dominate our landscapes, for they will be seen from afar as the towns are approached. The churches are beginning to shed the influence of their spires or towers; the municipal edifice, long an object of reproach, has begun to take on worthy character, and the transformation of the country is proceeding apace. It is impossible that private taste and enterprise

shall lag altogether behind, and with the examples of good edifices we shall at length arrive at good architecture in dwellings.

It may be said that the farmer is comparatively poor and cannot build better than he is doing. The reply is that the farmer has always been comparatively poor, but that the English farmhouse is usually an edifice of much charm.

To resume our touring: The western portions of the state beyond those already mentioned are chiefly attractive in the valleys for their streams, but they lack the charm of the rougher contours of the southern and eastern parts of New York. The western Adirondacks are inferior in scenery to the eastern. It would be difficult to choose, for all tastes, the most delightful portion of New York, but it may be safe to place it in the bolder scenery on the west side of the Hudson, because there are in the district not only smiling cultivated landscapes dotted with fields and orchards and shade trees but a contrasted background of rugged minor mountains. What, for example, could be finer than the Rondout Valley as seen from the Shawangunk Mountains, or the mountains as seen from the valley? But it would be futile to imagine that very many of the charms of New York state can be mentioned in a single book. For years a publication devoted itself solely to showing the attractions of the Wallkill Valley alone.

It is the little valley that one comes on at a turn, the little house amidst its greenery, the fields enclosed by their picturesque fences, the brook playing hide-and-seek around the knolls; it is the little home orchard and the small sugar bush that make up a secluded and endearing scene. To go on from day to day finding such clusters of beauty, such dear and intimate associations between the particular landscape and its possessor—this is the joy of touring. Comparison between such rural settings absorb the livelong day, and fill the heart with a sense of pleasure which can scarcely be duplicated by any other experience.

If one adds to such a tour the habit of strolling to good sites and mentally locating homesteads, noting protection from winds, the location of trees, the general slope, the retreat from the highway, and at length the general outlook, the tour may be prolonged indefinitely until New York Beautiful becomes an indelible and fascinating dream.

The following method of touring is commended: never to make more than fifty miles in a day, and often not half of that; not to omit the colors of the rocks and their suitability and harmony for building purposes; not to fail in observing which predominates, the evergreen or the deciduous tree, thus learning whether the soil is good or bad. These are some of the observations that keep one busy every moment; that give zest to every furlong of the journey.

One will not travel far without being impressed with the extent and richness of the domain; with the vast labors of the generations in clearing the soil, in planting and building; with multitudinous things yet to be done before the ideal countryside can be completed; and with ten thousand uncatalogued and unknown beauty spots that occur in every county.

The finest effect upon the tourist is to quicken his love for his country, to intensify his interest in men as men, to enrich his thought with observation of the motives that have moved the inhabitants to do the great works they have done. A heart and a mind filled with beauty and rich imaginings is certainly an object worthy of such travel.

THE HUDSON

THE romance of American discovery clusters about every early story of the Hudson. From Henry Hudson and his ship, the *Half Moon*, to the building of Bear Mountain bridge, the river has gathered to itself history, legend, romance, fiction, engineering achieve-

ment, until it is an epitome of the past and present in American life. The river is the noblest in the East, for proportions and environment, and in the West it is not rivaled by the Columbia, because the attractions of the two streams are different. For commercial importance it is alone in our hemisphere. Strategically it marked the central contention of the war with England. It bears in summer the freightage, at its mouth, of most of our ocean liners. In winter it is a glittering surface for iceboat races. In summer picturesque craft of all descriptions, scows, racing yachts, tugboats, the mosquito fleet, and the lordly Albany passenger boats make an intermittent procession around Anthony's Nose, across broad Tappan Zee, and under the columnar Palisades. The Hudson is the only American river on the east coast that laves the feet of mountains.

So much has this river appealed to imagination that the old Currier & Ives colored plates made a very popular feature of steamers on the Hudson, passing old Dunderberg or West Point.

Of late, since the Poughkeepsie and Bear Mountain and Castleton bridges have been thrown across the flood, an emphasized interest has been added. The works of God and man, each rising here to very noble dimensions, act as foils to one another. The steady majesty of the stream guarded by its dun peaks, the bridge grasping its anchorages, by bare toeholds on either side, the full pride of the day boats passing beneath, while under all, below the river bed, is the huge pythonlike syphon conveying the waters of other streams to the Croton.

Motors skim like swallows over the highways cut on both banks of the stream in the rock faces of the protesting mountains. Long trains pass continually on either bank; the airplanes soar confidently above all these. The soft-seeming summer clouds crown all. It is enough to thrill the dullest denizen of our old world. Under the river, on the river, each side the river on its near banks, each side the river on its

high banks, over the river by bridge, above the river by plane, pass conduit, freight, persons, every conceivable vehicle designed by man. There is perhaps no other spot in America where so many features, each remarkable in itself, are grouped. It is all a monument of the triumph by man over the barriers of air, water and earth. Communication, that nerve of civilization, is here ramified into its component and fascinating elements. The wire-laden poles along the tracks testify to the burden of their messages, and we know, though we see not, that the ether also is carrying its wireless words serenely over all.

If a lama from Thibet or an awakened Patagonian were to be given, at one wide glance, a vision of civilization, there is nowhere else to take him than to the highlands of the Hudson as now pierced, crowned and bound with the new works of twentieth-century man.

But all this would be nothing did not a setting exist for it. The dominating thought is civilization set in the midst of beauty. The river, now wide, now narrow; the mountains, now purple, now black, now brilliant with gorgeous foliage, here retreating, there advancing; the islands, the enticing bays, the mirror surfaces, the shimmer and glimmer of midday; the storm-tossed sky as the thunderclouds gather; the challenge to memory in the scholar, to future development in the enterprising mind, to patriotic fervor; every sentiment of grandeur, every impulse of activity, every call to hope, every appeal of beauty, are marshaled here, and marshaled as nowhere else within the confines of a continent rich to repletion with all that calls upon the faculties of men.

We may count ourselves most fortunate that we are here at an era when modern developments have accomplished so much, and have made it so feasible to enjoy every phase of the panorama of nature. Just now new tunnels of unprecedented capacity are nearing completion from Manhattan to Jersey; just now the most daring, extensive bridge leap

is gathering strength to itself to span the teeming waters at such a height, at such a reach, with such massive proportions that its completion may well stand for the supreme feat of engineering, the highest expression of the human mind fashioning the materials of the earth. It will then be possible, beginning with our most eastern state and passing through all our great cities, to travel without ferry for one, two, or perhaps three thousand miles, observing the infinite and colossal developments of our noble country, its elevators, factories, offices, museums, monuments, universities, its orchards and prairies, its lakes and forests, until only a very unresponsive nature could fail to be lifted to splendid imaginings based on the solidity of present achievements.

For given steady souls with vision, America has only started on its career for the enrichment of life, its fellowships and its adornments.

The Hudson and Lakes George and Champlain, once the military line intersecting young America and to be held at any cost, are now the beauty line, a radiant glistening path, itself all fair, cleaving the array of mountains or cliffs like the fifty daughters of Danäus, from New York Bay to Canada and the St. Lawrence. If we could see in procession the canoes, caravels, sloops, barges, the war craft and grain craft, the rafts and steamers that have made the life of New York, it would form an array amusing and startling. What was doing here one—two—thousand years ago? Shall we ever know? What will be doing a thousand years hence? We may be sure the main features of beauty will not be obscured, unless man lapses from his present estate.

On the cliffs stand the ghostly figures of the Indian chiefs, the shade of Rip van Winkle, the furtive André and Arnold, noble and despicable. Here marched and countermarched, rowed, sailed and paddled Schuyler, Burgoyne, Washington. From John Smith the sea rover to John Smith the merchant, the river has borne the travelers bent on

[*Text continued on page* 81.]

A MOUNTAIN PSALM

I will turn my feet unto the mountains,
Unto the pinnacles of perfect peace.
As an escaping bird soars to the heavens,
Even so does my spirit seek its own in the high places.
When I walk in the midst of affliction,
Lo, a voice calls from the mountain-tops.
The hills call and rejoice with the rippling of waters.
Who would listen to the tongues of Babel
Rather than to voices of the waterfalls!
I would wander in the aisles of wooded sanctuaries
Whose pillars are trees, upholding a starlit dome;
Whose music is of great winds rising in the forest;
Whose incense is the breath of pines and cedars.
The trees sing the beauty and holiness of their creator.
His strength is as the billowing of mountains, glorious and mighty;
His peace is as a quiet lake, sparkling in the hollow of a hill;
He reveals his tenderness in the frail petals of mountain flowers
And in the love-calls of thrushes.
Great elms lift their arms in prayer;
Their leaves whisper a benediction.
In their branches the oriole shelters her young;
Even so am I covered with the wings of the Great Spirit.
Throughout the starlit night he is near,
Though I gaze into the vastness of creation.
He has gathered the star-dust
Into a myriad gleaming points to fill the heavens,
Even as he has made the fire-flies to dart among pines.
The fool believes there is no God;
His soul withers as a plant within the walls of the city.
Bring him into the open spaces, to a towering peak;
Let him watch nightly the majestic procession of distant suns.
Nor can he comprehend the resurrection of the spirit;
Show him the silver wings of a moth
Rising out of a dead worm's silken shroud;
Let him walk among spring daffodils;
Let him but lift up his eyes unto the mountains!

—MILDRED HOBBS.

'TWIXT TREE AND MOUNTAIN

A HUDSON EYRIE

CHAUTAUQUA SHORE

HILLSIDE FARMS—BERLIN

ACROSS THE HUDSON

ELMS ON THE CHENANGO

A GLIMPSE OF THE HUDSON

WOODLAND LAKE

A FINGER LAKE ROAD

THE LITTLE HUDSON IN THE HILLS

LAKE GEORGE LEDGES

A SPRINGFIELD PASTURE

SACANDAGA RAPIDS

LAKE GEORGE—OVER BOLTON LANDING

AUNT SARAH'S FALLS

every conceivable quest that beckons man on. Love, war, commerce, science, art, politics, invention, all found their account and made their way over this luring, mysterious, rich highway of empire.

They do say that the Cabots (afterwards of Boston) discovered New York. It was also included in the territory granted by King James I to the Plymouth Company. All of which proves that the New England Yankees were not as keen as they were reputed to be or they would have settled where there is so much good land, good natural highway and good scenery. But for that we have to blame stormy Cape Cod, which has proved a barrier formidable to many generations trying to get from Boston to New York. In the old days it took sometimes three weeks, and then there was danger of being caught in the shallows off Chatham. Even Hudson wasn't searching for New York; he sought a waterway to India—but New York was so much superior to India that even the Dutch settled at the mouth of the Hudson at last. The chief effort of England, which has made her England, in the old world and the new, was to beat the Dutch. Hudson himself was an Englishman and, though serving the Dutch, was probably not sorry at last that the river by which he is remembered was "acquired" by the English. But at first, what a reward for the Dutch, freedom loving, that after a forty-year fight to keep their independence from the Spanish grasp, their veterans could settle in this land of enchantment. Manhattan would have been so much more attractive had it remained a dear Dutch village. Everybody in America would wish to go there to enjoy its quaintness. But, one may say, no sooner were the Dutch fairly under their new thatch, with their orchard (Bowerie) started than Captain Argal of Virginia thrust the nose of his ship in, and made all the Dutch promise to be good Englishmen, which is what they can do to perfection. Their institutions being so similar, their languages so closely allied, their societies mingled like two drops of

water. Had England and Holland made a firm state together four hundred years ago, the whole world would now be covered by their free institutions. Old Van Tromp, had he spent his energies sweeping up the rest of the world rather than the Thames, and had he called the English to follow him, would have gathered up a fearful pile of bad litter and cast it into the Atlantic.

Be that as it may, the Dutch kept coming to New York. When one of them lost his ship he built another and called her *Restless,* a significant appellation which marks the stirring enterprise of that great age. In her he followed easterly, discovered Connecticut and named an island, Block, after himself, then went on to Narragansett Bay and Cape Cod. This was the first yacht to go through the Sound, and every New York yacht has followed it from that day to this. The Dutch also settled the Hudson well to the north. They went up to get pelts but the Indians often got theirs. The West India Company had a charter to settle Africa, the West Indies and the continent of America. As if that were not enough for the stomach of a Dutchman, he included a chartered right to fight Spain (any way he would have done it without a charter) "on any land or sea where found."

As we look back and think of little Holland, we cannot but glory in her spunk, whose men took out a license to settle the earth and begged for the additional privilege of fighting all creation. They sent over a mere shallop to hold the Hudson, with thirty families; and, lest population should get too dense, a part of them went on to the Delaware. But behold now, these families came to work for the company, some went back, and no more came for years. The company was compelled to offer inducement to responsible persons to plant colonies of fifty persons each, hence the patroon system, of which more elsewhere. The

chief advantage of the home government was that in the patroon there was someone responsible to keep things in order and to "carry on."

As was often the case, in those days Holland sent out broken men, of bad character, for governors. Another aspect of van Dyck is van Dam; the name of an alderman of old New York in 1691 was Rip van Dam. A person with a name like that might be expected to tear things up. Those old fellows did not belie their names. They were the spiritual ancestors of a recent mayor of New York. Spiritual? But there were other elements—John Roosevelt was to the fore in 1718.

Unhappily, great cities lose their quaint old edifices. It is only in the villages or back roads that the early Dutch house is to be found. It gives a piquant flavor to the older parts of rural New York, though it is very rare. More such dwellings are to be found in Jersey. The slight outward sweep at the eaves, the simple narrow porch with light posts, the gambrel or the peaked gable, and a spreading cozy effect are the main features. The manors were pretentious and often handsome dwellings, usually of stone.

One has not really seen the Hudson until he has motored up and down both banks and followed by daylight steamer the surface itself from the mouth of the river to Albany and back again. Such journeys would account only for the more pretentious, tidal stream. The upper Hudson, though not everywhere followed by highway, and navigable only by small craft, has a charm of its own, which, in the writer's judgment, may almost rival the broad southern stream. Pictorially it will readily be admitted that the narrower stream has the greater attraction. The gentle declivity of its hills comes down affectionately to the shores, and there is a winsomeness always about the confined scene which is absent from the broad effects.

The upper Hudson skirts the great north woods. Only villages

touch the banks north of Troy, or at least cities which are so pleasingly small that they hold all the grace of villages. The wild white thorn is a common decoration of the shores, the maple and pine appear occasionally, while the ever-present elm, in its endless grace and variety, is the final garland of beauty on our northern streams. The greatest delight is to find a pasture reaching to the bank. Ever the thick spattered daisy loves to grow, and the well-trimmed sward, so much better than a lawn, is the perfect haunt of the dreamer, the thinker or the idler. Of course, we are most often idlers when we pose as thinkers; but do we not absorb unconsciously a great part of the moods of the world before us? It is pleasing to believe that we have a filing cabinet in the brain. It is the person who enjoys handling over his treasures, as a dame searching her attic, that brings out from them things new and old. Thus, when in the stifling city, like a captive in a dungeon, one may scan again the long glinting lights, see the delicate caress of a slight zephyr on the face of the waters, remember the half-broken dreamy outline of the hill in the moving mirror, see again the perfect cones of little pines tipped by tiny spires, dabble by a hidden beach with the shallow, clear waters, and be like one of the unnumbered but satisfied pebbles that border them.

We approach, between the Hudson, Lake George and southern Champlain, that most remarkable debatable ground which, nobody knows how many hundred years, has been the focus of foemen from all points of the compass. French and Indian from the St. Lawrence and the North, English and Indian from the Connecticut and Massachusetts Bay, Dutch and Indian from the South, and the redoubtable Iroquois from the West have made Ticonderoga the terminus of their journey for weal or woe. There the destinies of three races have been settled.

The New York Historical Society has erected a very substantial stone house in the style of the best period, and before it the spirit of

America is embodied in a fine bronze. The hopeful face looks out to a better day and the garments fly to the winds at the back.

Within a few miles is Saratoga, memorable for the decisive check that really spelled, under Burgoyne, the beginning of another era. Bennington, Oriskany, Crown Point are near, and "from the river to the ends of the earth" the movements of the nations swing wide from this fulcrum.

It is a notable circumstance that this strategic, historical center should also be a neighbor to the finest natural scenery. The north woods, Champlain, the Green Mountains, the Berkshires, the noble river, none are distant, and all are crowned or bordered by foliage as rich, full and exquisite as is to be found anywhere. It is a country worth fighting for, worth living in, worth visiting. There is no aspect of natural charm, from the lonely peak to the sequestered nook, from broad expanse to rippling brook, that may not be enjoyed near here. Whether one sets out to camp, to motor, to row, sail or fly, he cannot proceed far without encountering many appeals to the esthetic nature, many thrills of remembrance of a great past, and a satisfied delight that this region is saved to beauty, to hope and to a race of appreciative young Americans.

The neighborhood of Saratoga itself, however, is a plain, and the place must derive its main attraction from the waters and from historic aspects. The state has taken praiseworthy action in cleansing Saratoga from the tawdry circuslike atmosphere of the past. There is a general aspect of neatness and order. This process of getting rid of the unsightly is an enlightened and continuous policy on the part of the state. It has worked transformations. The best of it is the example and stimulus it affords private improvements. Some small cities are making good capital of their "parlor" appearance. Naturally any family retiring from the great city will select if possible a "parlor" town.

While it may appear ungracious to point out any defects in the

state system, it is only by kindly criticism that improvements come. The notable lack at present is the minor matter as regards expense but a decidedly major matter from the point of interest and attraction. I refer to the universal providing for vistas, which could be had by slight pruning here and there. For thirty miles there was not a point on the wonderful road overlooking the Susquehanna on the way from Albany to Binghamton where a clear view of the fine river was obtainable. An eternal fringe of trees! Any one can understand that if Niagara were massed by bushes it would be a great shame. An intelligent tour of the state might easily mark out a thousand outlooks, inspiration points, where the scene is fully as beautiful though not as magnificent as Niagara. I cannot find an official who has even thought of this. When a road is completed nature begins to fill up all the vistas. It would be in every way a delightful and attractive feature if viewpoints were provided.

Mohonk Lake is not second in beauty and striking features to any natural object in the East. It has happily been preserved, with Lake Minnewaska, its neighbor, to quiet, and dignity. The combined drives on the environs of these lakes approach one hundred miles. They are laid but with the express idea of preserving the majesty of the great cliffs and of bringing them into the best perspective. They are a perpetual monument to Albert Smiley and those related to him, who have done so much to unveil the noblest of our scenery. Here one passes under a stupendous cliff; here one comes out on a height overhanging a smiling valley; there one winds into the deep seclusion of an ancient wood, whose great and silent trunks were the first suggestion of a temple. The forms of rock, fantastic, bold, or lichen-painted, that rise on one who makes the circuit of these lakes, are so various, so suggestive of power and architectural plan, that the play of thought does not, in weeks, exhaust itself upon them. One who has a taste for geology

has a large and alluring chapter spread before him here. And as if to contrast beauty and strength, here is a garden planted in the wilderness. It is no place for the casual and superficial, those who need brass bands, bazaars and buncombe. Life as endured today seems to be organized to induce forgetfulness, as a toy is dangled before a child to take its mind from itself. There is no leisure, in the sense of room for appeal to the deeper loves and hopes.

Of all the vacationists, what proportion want anything different from what is found in their teeming cities? They are not satisfied unless they can take the city into the country. The morning comes in with a honk and the evening goes out in a hoot. The gospel of silence preached in example by the Society of Friends may need a far fuller acceptance before the race of man can be saved—that is, can let that side grow which makes for character, knowledge and hope. Out of the silences have come most of the leaders of thought, most of the wisdom, sweetness and power that have made whatever matters in civilization. If we are not to hear ourselves or anybody else think, if we are to have our wills so noisy that we are all getting deaf—which is no figure of speech, what will be the good of singing birds, story-telling brooks, forest lore? The squirrel is running rapidly in his wheel cage. An increase of speed means nothing, for he still moves in his small circle. Men think they are going somewhere when the speedometer rises. But are they? If they arrive, their location is still nowhere unless there is a voice, a glory, a call, a splendor, in the clouds, the trees, the streams.

Silence in the midst of majesty is the preliminary to eloquence before a multitude.

THE WAY TO NEW YORK CITY

AS a camerist stood on the finest cliff of Storm King highway, where the glory of the river, its island and mountain, reached away into the north, and the narrows between purple cliffs flanked the stream to the south, a poor painted woman, eyes only on the road, slowed up enough to call, "Is this the way to New York?" Yes, it was. To those who love the hidden, the murk, the tortuous, the suffocating, the bedlam, it was the way. Every one goes to his own place. The time of year called for the country. She had too much of it, though the car was humming south. Unless people in general come to ask, "Is this the way out of New York?" the race will never rise but will broil in suicidal fat.

The inherent weakness of New York state now is that the best of it is being forsaken for the worst of it. The period of development in America sent people out by centrifugal motion to the appreciation and development of the world, to the straight-away distance where men must think out alone the potted curves of life. The period of retrogression will be the dominance of swarm instinct, by which men gather to one spot and are never happy unless they are crowded. The raucous voice of the subway guard—"Move up there, can't ye?"—represents the major part of urban existence in America. Business, crowds, competition, noises, make their bid, and everybody wishes to do and be just whatever everyone else wishes to do and be. The result is that drab monotony of the city described so often by Dickens; its stunted people, starved thoughts; the supreme provincialism of the great city, where the houses and the labors leave men without a view, lacking breadth, hustled, denied, fooled, blinded, deafened, tossed at length into a country grave where alone for the first time they are not conscious of being moved up or over or down.

STONY PETERSKILL

THE INDIAN HUNTER — COOPERSTOWN

A MOHONK DRIVE

BEAR HEIGHTS

THE HURRYING SARANAC

THE ROAD TO ESPERANCE

A PINE VISTA

THE NARROWING STREAM—JAY-KEEN ROAD

A STAMFORD ROADSIDE

LOON LAKE

UPPER SARANAC CAMP

HYDE HALL

THE SHALLOWS—NEAR WALTON

POPLARS

THE ADIRONDACKS

YOUNG ELMS

A LITTLE GLEN — ELIZABETHTOWN

FROM DAISY FIELDS—NEAR ELIZABETHTOWN

UPPER SARANAC BIRCHES

SOUTH CENTRAL NEW YORK

THIS state shares with Pennsylvania the beauties of the Susquehanna and the Delaware. It may be said with confidence that these streams are finer in their upper courses than where they become very broad. While their banks are not so bold as those of the Hudson in the Highlands, their curves are far more frequent and offer endless charm. The main branches of these streams are four in number, to which several subordinate tributaries are to be added. The general direction of all is the same—a sweeping southwest curve. On the Albany-Binghamton route and on parallel routes one experiences an almost humorous exhibition of curves, as if each stream were in rivalry to display the most attractive shore line.

As pastures often border the rivers, we find large open meadows, clean of underbrush, and may wander for many miles along banks decorated with the buttonwood, elm or maple, singly or gracefully grouped. The profusion of design claims our interest. The background may be rolling or somewhat bold hills, or a level expanse.

The only city of any pretensions in the entire region is Binghamton. We feel no lack. The villages are not large enough to acquire unsightly environs. As the names are mostly Indian, not only of the villages but of the young rivers, they supply an appropriate and satisfactory seal to the entire landscape. It appears that the farmers, mostly by the sale of milk, are able, since the distance from the metropolis is not very great, to keep their farms well in order. It is a picture of rural delight as nearly ideal as this era, with its rural distresses, is capable of furnishing.

REMEMBERED VIEWPOINTS

OF course, there is always Niagara, gloriously beautiful above and gloriously terrible below.

There is the view, looking northward, on Lake Keuka, towards that splendid promontory that splits the lake in two. The view is had either from Catawba or a little south of it, or from the opposite shore at Keuka or a little south. The cultivated slopes of the promontory are fine examples of making the best use of steep lands.

There is the view from west to northwest across Lake Canandaigua, to the sacred mountain of the Indians. On a quiet day this abode of their sage old chief stands forth in a beauty that is almost pain, from our desire to understand it.

There is a view of Buttermilk Falls, just south of Ithaca. The rapid changing into a fall, the upper and lower leap, and the incomparable skirt of lace which it hangs to the pool below can hardly be forgotten.

There is the view northward, or somewhat to the west from the heights at the southeast corner of Lake Skaneateles. These bold heights covered with vineyards, or studded with apple and elm, are our standpoint. The dark profound narrow lake below stretches away into the north in an increasing mystery of haze. Is it a wonder that the Indians believed the Almighty reached down his hand and marked, at a stroke, the five Finger Lakes? Their greater beauty is always at the south, where the bold banks rise. To the north the shores approach gently. These calm narrow waters can, in a summer south wind, become very fierce. A sudden storm arose as we neared the north end of Seneca Lake to round it from the east, on the way to Geneva. The waves struck the stone border of the narrow park, rose in a solid body, hurtled in the air across the highway and at length were spent in spume against

dwellings far retired from the road. A wave struck our car like a wall of water. The total reach across the lawns to the dwellings could not have been less than two hundred and fifty feet.

Then there are a series of views along the Delaware, the Susquehanna and the Chenango, all as fair as the heart of man could wish. There is, too, the expanse of Cherry Valley in its thralling charm.

On the small rivers of the Adirondacks, where they break into white water, there is an endlessly pleasing contrast between the calm and silent green forest above, topped by its azure sky, and the fretted, foaming current below, twisting, rippling, breaking, rushing against and about its rugged stone banks, which compel it into outrageously tortuous courses.

Then, the gem of the Adirondack country, there is the view of its highest peaks, seen from a little bridge a few miles below Saranac Lake. A little stream in the foreground, and coming directly toward one, breaks into a miniature fall over lichened rock, and away in the distance, like an outpost of heaven, rise one on another the rose-white peaks of the eternal silences.

There are the views of the upper Hudson, north and east of Glens Falls, where the little river quietly seeks its way between genially intimate, low, green-skirted mountains. As the stream sweeps in curves of endless beauty about the feet of the hills, and is here silently reflecting, there wrinkling into delight as from the faint touch of an angel's wing, one is sure of nothing but that he would lose himself always in that vision.

Then there are the hidden lakes of the great North Woods, at sunrise. The breasts of the mountains are clothed in swelling beauty and glorious in the touch of the first morning ray, while the wraithlike mists gather up their cobweb garments and retire for the day into their secret home, wherever it may be. The lone call of some great bird, the rise in the silence of a leaping fish, the eloquent majesty of the

motionless forest, lead us to forget whence we came and to live only in those matchless moments.

Then there are the heights above Champlain, where we glimpse over the perfect cones of pine and see the changing surface, from its still cove to its dimpling and—beyond—its dreamy waters, this lake which knows more of history than any other in America.

There are the crests west of Barton's Landing, Lake George, where the whole day long the hosts of the sky march and wheel and countermarch, fold an island in an invisible embrace, open again to disclose an almost sacred beauty, and cast their flying shadows on gleaming waters.

There is always the Hudson, from Cornwall southward a changing pathway of glory through the Highlands, then on the generous surface of the Tappan Zee and down to the splendid dignity of the Palisades, saved now to be the joy of America for all time. But there are also, and not less dear because more intimate, the curves of the Genesee and the Wallkill, the home-bordering creeks in a hundred counties, each touching its familiar hill, each opening its pebbly strand, each carrying in spring the tribute of tossed-in blossoms and in autumn its light amber and gold and russet leaves.

There are times when we crave, so strange are we, what we cannot get. It is cheering that there is a particular beauty of the most satisfactory sort for every human life, and a general scattering of beauty of the broader, grander sort that all men may joy in it together. New York is crowned in loveliness from its great city to its remotest bound of islands called Thousand, streams by the myriad, lakes uncatalogued, and blossoms, real or potential, at every back door.

There is scarce a more lifting vision than the first opening amphitheater that unrolls when going west from Massachusetts we reach the

crest above the Lebanons, and gaze down into their Eden valleys that march toward the Hudson.

Indeed, in New York it is easier to see beauty than ugliness. No cure for pessimism like walking on the springy sod, or moving over this commonwealth of majesty; of sympathetic or of intimate and secret charm.

ALONG THE HUDSON

OVER tunnels—for trains, for vehicles—under the mighty span of the last great bridge to go up, we sail up the Hudson. The Palisades are on the Jersey shore, as bold and fine a bank as any river boasts. The cliffs, on the Manhattan side, with their looming towers, the homes of men, afford a fine foil to set off the natural cliffs on the western shore.

A little north of Yonkers, and opposite Hastings, we pass the Jersey line and have New York counties on both sides of us. But the cliffs are continuous to Nyack and the new Cliff Drive is an alternate means of observation. On the right, above Hastings, is old Dobbs Ferry, Irvington, and Tarrytown in order—fair hills covered with fair estates, the best combination of natural and cultural features in America.

From broad Tappan Bay (three miles across), we pass north on a long curve westward into Haverstraw Bay, first skirting, on the west, Hook Mountain and its long cliffs. Directly behind it hides Rockland Lake, fronted on the shore by a village of the same name. Opposite is Ossining, with its one prison and many palaces. We face, just above it, nosing half way across the broad stream, Croton. Croton River empties what is left of its waters into the Hudson.

Haverstraw (west side) ends for the time the near approach of the

western hills, but on the east the landscape is ever rolling, tossing outlines, ideal for estates and mostly preëmpted for them. Thus, the Palisades, while ending as to name shortly after passing out of New Jersey, really continue with a shore generally as bold and with loftier background for many miles.

From Rockland Lake, the river keeps almost to the northwest, to Verplanck (east) and Tompkins Cove (west). There we meet a "No thoroughfare" sign in the emphatic intrusion of old Dunderberg (west) —what a fine name for a mountain! It gives the river a sharp twist eastward where, as in a bay, it leads us to Peekskill (east). We are putting in all the directions, for of all the blind and annoying experiences a strange traveler may encounter, commend me to the Hudson trip, by water or land, on either bank. Either "nobody knows, and he won't tell," the names of the mountains and bays, or the traveler has one of those road maps containing the name of nothing whatever of legitimate human interest, unless it be Fix-'em-up-quick's Garage.

Peekskill is the point to which the land traveler from the east must come to reach Bear Mountain bridge, though that is miles to the north. The route via Hartford and New Haven or Bridgeport to Danbury and Peekskill is the approach, and a fair approach itself, though it winds and winds.

Rounding Dunderberg and reaching out again for three miles northwest we run, on the east side, close under Anthony's Nose, not at all disagreeable but certainly massive and Roman. Here, at Fort Montgomery (west), we reach the end of the first section of the Hudson Highlands, and now run but little east of north for six miles to West Point (west side). Both banks are very lofty, and midway of this stretch, Sugarloaf Hill stands (east). At Highland Falls (west), we reach the point where the land traveler must swing away from the river, unless he can gain favor with West Point officials. Garrison, on the east, is

the point of departure of a ferry to West Point. The termination of this ferry under the bastions of the military school is the most striking American view to remind us of the Old World and its castles, especially since the rising grade through the tremendous gateway suggests or surpasses the approach to old Carcassonne.

West Point, just below Constitution Island, juts into the river and must be rounded on our way to the village of Cold Spring (east), a mile to the north. Crow's Nest rises directly west of Cold Spring and is followed in a mile more by Storm King Mountain, the climax of the Highlands.

But let not the traveler be fooled here, for Storm King is on the east bank and directly opposite the mountain! The village lies between Bull Hill to the south of it and Breakneck Ridge to the north of it, both of which fine elevations are shown in our pictures from Storm King Mountain opposite. This is the noblest and last great river pass as we go north. Looking on it from Storm King highway, northward, the little isle of Polopel lies before one in the open broads of the river, on the way to Fishkill (on the east) eight miles above West Point.

Of course, the spot of supreme interest to most travelers is well to the south, where, just below Anthony's Nose, Bear Mountain Bridge springs across. The western end of the bridge is about ten miles north of Dunderberg. The river is never tame a mile on the way to Albany, but the boldness of the heights is toned down somewhat, and the west bank is precipitous, or nearly so, for many miles.

Newburgh (west) is a fine city, both for situation and for its many good homes. Six miles up from Fishkill, at the village of New Hamburg (east), the river narrows to less than one-half mile, and from a point two miles north of New Hamburg it is seldom more than one-half mile and often a little less. The width varies little, for many

[*Text continued on page* 114.]

THE WHIPPOORWILL

The sky is lighting up her lamps,
Spent day has taken flight;
The trees have wrapped their dusky cloaks
About them for the night.
For moments long with still suspense
The moon rests on the hill,
And lingers there as though to hear
The song of Whippoorwill.

In busy haste the fireflies
Go darting to and fro
With tiny torches lit to set
The grasses all aglow;
And drowsy, humming insect worlds
Are bidden now to still
Their evening chant, to listen for
The song of Whippoorwill.

From garden depths it comes at last!
The lilies at my feet
Look up a-smiling at the moon,
For night is now complete;
And all this peace and quietude
The heart drinks to its fill.
Whip out your dear, familiar song,
My unseen Whippoorwill!

—Mildred Hobbs.

A WALLKILL POOL

ON THE MOHAWK

ALL CURVES

THE YOUNG HUDSON

BEAR MOUNTAIN—CANANDAIGUA

BORDERING THE HUDSON

WHAT IS BEYOND?

A STREAM IN HASTE

NARROWS OF THE HUDSON

A PEEP AT THE HUDSON

SUNNYSIDE—THE HOME OF WASHINGTON IRVING

WEST OF THE HUDSON

THE HEART OF THE CATSKILLS

THE NEW HUDSON BRIDGE

SKANEATELES OVERLOOK

NORTH CREEK

A MOHAWK TRIBUTARY

THE NORTHERN HUDSON

THE HUDSON

Feathered as an Indian maiden,
Foaming-white the Hudson glides,
Gathering its crystal waters
From the craggy mountain-sides.
High among the Adirondacks,
Silver-lipped the river gleams,
Singing to the sleeping forest,
Calling to the lakes and streams.
Bearing water to the wood-folk
And the cattle in the lea,
Coursing on through hill and valley
In its journey to the sea.
Through the Highlands of the Hudson
Rolling on in majesty;
Winding low between the mountains,
Piled in rounded symmetry;
Past the Storm King, rugged sovereign,
Mantled in a royal hue,
Shouldering his massive brothers
Billowing against the blue.
Past the towns and lovely villas
And the velvet slopes and glades;
Flowing deep beneath the grandeur
Of the stately Palisades.
Past the towering wonder-city
Blazing pennons in the sky,
Gleaming down from countless windows
To the deeps where ferries ply.
And the river meets the ocean
In a blue-green symphony,
With its torch-lit breakers curling
Round the feet of Liberty!

—Mildred Hobbs.

miles. It is as if a channel had been cut artificially to skirt the western barriers for fourteen miles to the hamlet of West Park (west), opposite Hyde Park (east).

Rich farms all this way show the source of New York's rural wealth, and account for the charm of its streams and roadsides. We run a very straight course, eight miles to Poughkeepsie from New Hamburg. Poughkeepsie is the large city, the only one, from New York to Albany. Its back country is checkered with many a wandering country road and old village. Vassar College lends its scholastic flavor and the civil life of the town is such as to suggest Poughkeepsie or its environments for permanent residence.

In the midst of fair scenes, landward and riverward, and with an attractive region near on both banks of the river, it is good for a long period of exploration for beauty. The Shawangunk Mountains, directly west, with their peculiar and superb mountain lakes, Minnewaska and Mohonk, are a continual feast of beauty and inspiration at the front door of Poughkeepsie.

The bridge here is impressive. It ought also to be accessible, or—there should be another, for vehicles. With the great populations, wealth and travel, the Hudson requires another bridge. Ferries are numerous but in winter are impossible, and the river barrier is too long a stretch, keeping many counties apart.

It is about fifteen miles from Poughkeepsie to Kingston (west). These miles in the stream are punctuated only by Esopus Island. The villages, for the most part, lie away from the banks just over the hills. Vanderberg Cove, the mouth of Fallsburg Creek, opens on the east bank, four miles below Kingston. Old Rhinebeck, away from the river on the east, opposite Kingston (ferry) is an interesting village of ancient origin.

About ten miles north of Kingston, still on the west bank, is the

rambling, quaint village of Saugerties, at the mouth of most picturesque Esopus Creek, pictured at this and other places for this volume. The docks at Saugerties narrow the river to its closest confines; so far, less than a quarter mile in width. Thence it is eleven miles to Catskill village. A long ridge of moderate height, somewhat away from the river, called the Collar Back, is seen on the west bank from Smith Landing for about seven miles to Catskill.

German settlements near the river are indicated by Germantown, south of Linlithgo—a name transporting us to Scotland; an imagination-filling name.

Catskill is at the mouth of its creek, coming down from its mountain, into which one drives northwest from the village. It is a wonderful country into those mountains, or up the creeks that parallel the Hudson, as the Kaaterskill with many a rapid or fall flows north to unite at Catskill with its creek. Roger's Island meets us just north of Catskill, and, on the east bank, Mount Merino.

At Hudson (east), four miles above Catskill, we reach an interesting little city, and a ferry point to Athens (west). Hudson is the end of a road coming over from the Berkshires of Massachusetts, and also from Hartford. There is a gentle crescent from Hudson to Coxsackie (west) for a seven-mile sweep. The hills here are more broken on the east bank, but are only about two hundred feet high, but north of Coxsackie, on the nine-mile run to Coeymans, they rise to three hundred feet on the west bank. A fruit country here, and a vineyard region. A fair and pleasant land, without a city for many miles.

Large low islands sometimes narrow the channel to a few rods. The cement works, numerous on the Hudson, have now found a way to imprison their dust so that their useful toil is no longer a menace.

About a dozen miles above the village last named is Albany. We pass at Castleton the huge new railway cut-off bridge which enables

the New England and east Hudson freights, immense in volume, to escape the narrow throat and congested conditions at Albany and to strike by a northwest line into the Mohawk Valley, and so on west.

Both banks of the river are wholly beautiful, but the eastern bank, on this stretch, is more varied and loftier.

The route from Albany to Lake George is usually made by motor but may, of course, be made with interest by canoe or motor boat. It is somewhat tame. The motor route has been referred to as passing Saratoga. Anthony Kill, at Mechanicsville, affords some good views, of a quiet but winning sort.

All the part of New York east of the Hudson is somewhat interesting. Practically no city is found there, and the villages consist of, at most, perhaps four to six thousand. There is available, therefore, for touring, a country almost untouched by pleasant modern improvement.

On the other hand, the route west from Albany, through the series of mid-Mohawk Valley cities, is filled with unattractive manufacturing plants, railway yards, six tracks of two lines of railway, a canal, a highway, mazes of wires, refreshment stands (built under the dog star, and not a bit refreshing). The environs of these cities north and south are more interesting, but it is better to make it a rule, unless one is traveling on business, to make for Glens Falls northwest or the routes southwest from Albany.

If one comes back to the Hudson from Saratoga, reaching it, say, at Schuylerville, near the mouth of the Battenkill, and so passing through Fort Edward and Glens Falls, and follows on to the base of the Luzerne Mountains, one finds a glorious pass between them and Palmertown Mountain. This is one of the routes into the Adirondacks. It is a nearly level region until we reach, abruptly, this pass. Everyone is so intent on reaching Lake George that this alternate route is neglected.

Glen Lake, five miles or thereabout north of Glens Falls, provides a very charming drive. One may go on thence to Caldwell and Lake George.

Sunnyside, the former home of Washington Irving, has a surpassing degree of interest for this generation, not alone for the affectionate memory in which Irving is held, but, as well, for the quaint and striking architecture of his home.

The porch is especially beautiful and meritorious, and for pure beauty is not rivaled, perhaps, in America, for its age; though the much older porch on the Little House at Newbury, Massachusetts, is more mellow and time worn.

The writer is very fond of the stepped gables which appear on this Irving mansion on the Hudson. Renovations have been made, later than this picture, which shows modern shutters. In this picture we have the inspiration of much American work in stone, on both banks of the Hudson. Such dwellings give the impression of solidity, as well as having charm of outline. A little touch of aspiration added to the commonplace may tell all men that a house is not merely a shelter.

THE BRIDGE

SOME of us may feel, regarding the vast bridge now rising between Forts Washington and Lee, and spanning a distance far greater than any hitherto attempted by man, rather like the old resident of Ipswich when the first arched bridge was thrown across the stream there some hundred and fifty years ago. He declared he was sure it would fall, when false work was rumored, and it is even said, perhaps to make a better story, that he never went on the bridge until his funeral procession passed over it. The old bridge is standing yet; indeed, it looks

good for ten times as many centuries. No doubt the engineers have strung and tested their wires for this new Hudson-leaping undertaking, and know what they are talking about, but the poor layman waits, hopefully, to be shown the finished structure upholding the traffic of the greatest and most mobile of nations; for the ambitious project proposes a far greater strain on materials than has hitherto been attempted. The original Brooklyn bridge will be a pigmy to this cliff-clinging project.

With the increasing of demand, subtle alloys are made, doubling, quadrupling the tensile strength of steel, until now a spanning wire, the most modern means of construction, embodies the finest known example of resistance. We look forward to the completed work more eagerly than we inquire who will be the next president.

A bridge is a fantasy translated into fact. It is the first fine ideal made real. It was the original step in engineering—the placing of a slab over a rill. It is, in its most finished form, the greatest monument of human knowledge and coöperation.

The bridge stands first of all for Unity, spelled as large as you wish. It could not be unless men were agreed; its breakdown means war. The bridge marks the end of hermit people, hermit thought and hermit act. You cannot see a bridge without wanting to go over it. The Ipswich Doubting Thomas was more stubborn than logical. You enter your sleeping compartment, and are lost to the world; before the morning, you may have spanned the Delaware, the Susquehanna, the Potomac, and awake to find yourself skimming over all the rivers of the south.

Civilization has its complete monument in a bridge, because the structure stands not merely for the knowledge, the patience, the toil and the riches of men; but also, and no less, for their coöperation, their good will, their desire to get together, to receive, to impart. For the bridge is at once the great stimulant to curiosity and the readiest means

of satisfying it. A town bridge may mean something, but think of the creations that weld England and Scotland where once the border foray was supreme and everybody on the other bank was a foe.

The bridge is the finest gesture of man in fulfillment of a prophecy that we may all be one. A great bridge may easily suggest that living Symbol, Who spanned the sky and said, "I am the Way."

The bridge sounds the knell of pessimism. Slender as it seems, it has in some old-world instances outlasted the castle. For bridges stand now that have thus stood, despite storm, flood, earthquake, war and the tooth of time for two, perhaps three thousand years. The very daring, to the savage mind, of throwing a bond across a flood and challenging the god of the waters, has summoned all man's ingenuity, so that what seemed impossible and looked precarious, became the most durable monument of human achievement.

Even now, what man does excites wonder like the cobweb strands above us, where the bird flies and where men, bad and good, rush to and fro with the same confidence and security as on a granite ledge. More minds of the highest type must work together to create a bridge than any other work whatever. To begin with, who was the engineer from whom man got his idea of suspension? The Spider. An insect must first be enlisted to help man's imagination—for no humdrum mind created a bridge. It was a purer achievement of sheer mentality than we can find elsewhere. Even a gun cannot be made without peace where the work is done, and harmony between many workmen; much less a bridge, which is a target for every disordered mind and the first object for destruction. When the Great War broke out, what was the first object protected? The bridge. Everywhere across the broad continent platoons of men took their stands on, under and at either end of these splendid monuments of peace. Thought, embodied, is a bridge; airy thought, ordered thought, chemically wise thought. The strength of materials,

the need of erection, the funds available, the source of labor, all combine in a bridge.

Chemistry has here the precedence in the procession. Without deep knowledge of chemistry, there can be no great bridge. The mine, the nether fires, the sweltering stript Titans of the furnace and the mill; subtle combinations, patient experiment, the higher mathematics, the lore of experience, the failures of the past, information from foreign nations, faith, passion, persistence, the knowledge of men as well as of matter, talent and tact, vision and manipulation, weariness, determination, sublime courage; all these are fused by the alchemy of good will and hope till the finished creation, greeting the morning-clasping continents, the erection which bespeaks hope fulfilled and dreams crystallized, stands above the waters to say to the generations that follow: "Here is consummation of a great age; here, the welded product of highest manhood and truest optimism; here, the symbol of America Triumphant."

A boy would rather see a bridge than anything else. Nothing surpasses it as a beckoning call to young intelligence. A boy who can learn its full meaning thereby becomes a man. For, from its inception to its dedication, the bridge has called out all the articulated power of the state, and most of the material on the earth and under the earth.

Three stages may serve to stand for the development of man. First, you see on the shore the *wiseacres* shaking their fat sides at the lunatic actions of a fellow who has built a boat, and put in it more than it weighs; can that fool expect to keep above water! And how many boats sank before the weatherwise, seawise sailor passed the straits, the bays, and at length the vasty deep. End of chapter one.

Now arises the genius, who over a stream in Asia, or Greece or Rome, proposed to *throw* a bridge! The thought flew first; the slow weight was pulled after. Perchance the bright, glad youth who dreamed this gossamer dream grew hoary before he saw its completion, and his

A MINNEWASKA ROAD

UNDERCLIFF DRIVE—MOHONK

DOWN FROM THE HIGHLANDS

THE CHATEAU ON LAKE MOHONK

A NEW YORK VALLEY—AT CANNONSVILLE

PLEASANT LAKE

THE HUDSON FROM THE AIR

A BIRCHWOOD WAY

FALLS AT HAGUE

BIG CREEK—NEAR HORNELL

CATSKILL MILLPOND CURVES

ROOTED IN THE ROCK—NEAR HORNELL

STONE HOUSE—RIDGE ROAD

LONELY GRACE—MOHONK

BIG CREEK GORGE

BOULDER PASS—MOHONK

neighbors turned from sneering skeptics into applauding believers. It was worth the wait, the toil, the contumely, for the achievement meant that the world was to be one great body, and this its artery. The end of chapter two.

The Olympian frowned on, and the unextinguished laughter of the ages was directed at, the fellow who, after water and earth were conquered, sought to navigate the thinner medium over our heads. It has been proved, by every method, possible for man to fly. The type of young America and of the expanding hopes of men in Lindbergh, have read us the third, the climactic chapter in the human effort. They who sailed for months with Columbus are followed by one who leaped, between lunches, the growling Atlantic, and on the day this is written one flew, without alighting, from the Hudson beyond the Columbia, and only stayed his flight because he had agreed to stop!

The southern preacher is due, by and by, to revise his sermon, "The Sun Do Move." Yes, he need not modify his text, only his conclusions. For the sun also is moving, and the earth, and we on it must go along. We must endeavor, at the risk of a little headache, to keep along, ever trailing after the Mind that "hangeth the earth on nothing." The head that never ached, never grew full size. We must have more bridges, more hands of hope, more experiments that fail on the way to those that fail not. We need the men of vision, they whose minds go before their work, and lift their work into perpetual memorials of fellowship.

For the bridge is imagination-lifting matter. It is the only architecture that can be viewed from beneath. It is fulfillment in the noblest sense of the purpose of idle ore. It means the awakening of matter and coaxing it into ethereal forms, from those beds where its age-long sleep was thought by some to be meant for eternity. The hills, we learn, are chiefly good that their iron hearts may be broken up into

spanning wires, and the nitrogen, now in air, to be harnessed until it lifts vegetables into richer harvests.

Yes, we are moving. We may not wish to move; we may not all believe in progress; we may say, like the timid woman in the mountain-spanning railway, "It isn't right." But is it not a finer religion that takes it for granted that there exists no mineral, no dust, no gas, no growth that is not on its way to combinations infinitely better? For some millennia, the world has been looking to the barnyard for what it is now taking out of the air. The German, never willing to stay beaten, has attacked the air and conquered it. He is now taking out of it annually more nitrogen than the entire export from the beds of Chile! The supply is a billion times beyond any possible demand. We are mining *in the air!* The idea should be thrilling, that we are now prepared to take the necessary stimulus for vegetation out of the very sky. Where is old Malthus and his overpopulation figures? That is the answer to the question: How many people can the earth sustain?

A race that can achieve a Hudson bridge, which will be as beautiful as strong, should not be dared by any bogy like war, or want, or pestilence. We have much to conquer; yes, but what should we be without a fight? Men in the past, having the irrepressible urge of conflict, mistook the direction to which to give their energies, and foolishly turned it on one another. After the war half of them were dead, and the living worse off than dead.

That same energy is now to be directed against the earth; the air. That energy will be for good. It will produce better men, by the effort of harnessing it. The bridge prophesies the sky.

ALONG LAKE GEORGE

THE lake is just large enough to be beautiful. Were it broader the fine effect of channel between mountains would be lost. Beginning at its southern end, almost directly under French Mountain, it shows its charm with no delay. Between that elevation and Rattlesnake Cobble nestle the villages of Caldwell and Lake George, and the ruins of at least three old forts, Henry, George, and Gage. Not without significance, Bloody Pond lies just to the south, for this fairest region in the east was also the region most stubbornly contested. A lake not too lengthy to be conquered from end to end by a swimming champion, despite its cold floods, is comprehensible and lovable. The whole state of New York is almost too large to fall in love with, like an elephant. But Lake George we can love—no, we cannot help loving it.

The first deep bay to the right as one moves northward is Dunham, between Burnt Hill and Joshua Rock. Passing between West Point (not to be confounded with that on the Hudson) and Long Island, and touching Ripley and Shelton Points, one reaches Kattskill Bay under Pilot Knob (2,180 ft.). There rises Buct Mountain (2,324 ft.) as we pass Comfort and Watch Points.

Now we come to what is the unchallenged climax of beauty, in the Narrows. They are scattered with many islands and dominated by fine steep banks in the form of Shelving Rock Mountain on the right and the aptly named Tongue Mountain on the left, which, ending in Montcalm Point, reaches for miles into the lake forming Northwest Bay to the west.

If one were seeking a nearly perfect site, one of the islands in the Narrows would supply the demand. Served by a power launch, such a site, superb for outlook in all directions, is almost a central point for motor boating up and down the lake and into Champlain. The lofty

peak of Erebus (2,533 ft.) to the right, and Black Mountain, somewhat higher, still north, all dominate this channel of ecstatic splendor. The islands continue, though less thickly strewn, for several miles. Deer Deep and Bloomer Mountain, to the right, are minor peaks protecting Sabbath Day Point, named as by inspiration, as any eye will admit which has gazed on the lake when no ripple stirred it. Friends Point and Indian Kettles, next on the left, are not too lofty to be familiar. The kettles are named from remarkable potholes in the ledges near the lake, which mark a time when the water line was higher.

Here is probably the finest contrast on the lake, for on the right (east shore), thrusting its vast bulk well out into the waters, is Record Hill, and directly on the margin, Anthony's Nose, very likely named in reminiscence by early voyagers who had passed the mountain of the same name on the Hudson. The land sickles about these peaks and stretches away, north by east, with Roger's Rock and Roger's Slide on the west shore (left) and all lovely Stone's Bay, where the village of Baldwin clings under Cook's Mountain, opposite to and north of Roger's. Passing on, we face the virtual end of the lake, at the heights above Fort Ticonderoga, which is hidden from this view by these heights.

The lake now becomes a narrow stream, makes a half circle to the right about the village of Ticonderoga, and empties, at length, under the ruins of the fort into Champlain. It is a memorable journey, packed with enjoyment, an array of mountain mist-maids, their fair feet laved in the fairer lake, and resting in serene confidence that their glory is ample to enthrall all beholders.

ALONG LAKE CHAMPLAIN

THE greater part of this most celebrated lake, historically, in the western hemisphere, lies between two states, but the description will cover only the portion that touches New York.

The tail of the lake (South Bay) lies between Vanderburg Mountain and the heights on the opposite (north) side, singularly called The Diameter. The Champlain Canal, however, enters the lake some six miles from its end, at Whitehall. Death Rock, a height above Whitehall, affords a view for miles due north along the exceedingly narrow portion of the lake, a mere channel to Snody Dock and little wider all the way to Benson's Landing, about twenty miles from the extreme south end. Whitehall itself is most picturesque huddled under Skene Mountain.

The so-called East Bay of the lake is merely a stream, very crooked, the continuation of Poultney River, coming in from Vermont and its minor lakes.

Mettawee River, joining Wood Creek, passes Whitehall, unites with East Bay, then South Bay and then reaches off to the fascinating twist of waters, passing, on the right, Bald Mountain, four miles from Whitehall. The stream is narrow enough for small boats and timid sailors, provided one does not choose the steamer. It is a pleasure to be able to stop at will. The lighthouses marking the dangerous channel are so numerous as to be a considerable feature of the scenery. No lofty crests appear near the lake for many miles, yet the hills are bold enough to be fine, and they lend much variety to our progress. At Ticonderoga we pass a point no more easily defended than many others, but chosen for defence because it protects also the outlet of Lake George. Champlain, the crucial point here, is a quarter mile across, and the scenery, while not magnificent, is perhaps better, enthralling in

beauty. For six miles thence are very gentle elevations till we reach Mt. Dibble and Breed's Hill, adjacent heights just south of historic Crown Point, a town the equal of Ticonderoga in military importance and historic past. We run thence about eight miles to Port Henry, which, as well as Crown Point, is an interesting village, satisfactory as a location for exploring the lake and the unrivaled country behind it. The by-roads through these jumbled hills reveal nooks and brooks and miniature ponds, "secret, sweet, and previous," far beyond Burns' tavern fireside.

Bulwagga Bay thrusts down south of Port Henry a broad thumb three miles long, ending in a mountain of the same name. Crown Point Fort ruins and French Fort are not at Crown Point town but at the north end of the low land reaching north from Crown Point village and lying between the main lake and Bulwagga Bay. The route (eleven miles) from Port Henry to Westport is along a broadening expanse of the lake, with no near highlands on the Vermont side. Westport, in Northwest Bay, has for generations been sought by people wise in the beauty of the region. The village is a pearl among New York villages. North of this town, regretfully left, Split Rock Mountain runs for seven miles a rugged, fantastic and, to the north, precipitous mass. Where Split Rock Point, opposite Thompson Point, less than a mile distant, forms the last narrows of the lake we reach, at length, the great spread of the waters running about eight miles across so that the shores of Vermont seem on a hazy day to belong to a distant world. Whallon Bay begins this widening.

Thence to Essex is a comparatively uneventful three miles. From Essex, a village of distinction and charm, architecturally, and of early settlement, we pass more than five miles up the lake or between the banks of Bouquet River, to Willsboro, about two miles from its mouth. If the diversion is not made one passes Willsboro Point, seven miles

long from the mouth of the Bouquet, cuts past Willsboro Bay, and the bold Adirondacks, now close to shore on the west of it, and on to Port Kent, some six miles, bending en route, and to the left around Trembleau Mountain, a fine height of moderate elevation. The twelve miles from Port Kent to Plattsburg are relatively tame, the shore being low and the lake broad. We may except the slight eminence, Bluff Point, a resort.

Back of Plattsburg the lands are low, and not marked by outstanding feature. The city lies on Cumberland Bay, and one must round Cumberland Head and pass between it and Grand Isle to go on north. This island, twelve miles long, belongs to Vermont and is a famous orchard country.

From Plattsburg to the Canada line, which crosses the north end of the lake, is about twenty-four miles. We find on both hands for the entire distance, Rouse's Point being the destination, very quiet features. Isle La Motte, about six miles long, is passed on our right. There is only one landing, Chazy. Yet the shores are fertile. Little Chazy River comes in above Chazy Landing, and Big Chazy River, a couple of miles farther north. Each has its village, a few miles upstream, but well west of Rouse's Point (five miles) and not on the lake is the considerable village of Champlain, also on Big Chazy.

One who tours Lake Champlain should, to avoid an anticlimax, go south rather than north. In fact, if one is at all pressed for time, the route from Plattsburg south is sufficient, or even from Port Kent south.

The combined cruise through Lake Champlain, Lake George and the Hudson constitute, without question, the most beautiful, varied, pleasing, inward water trip in the world.

It is better, perhaps, for memory's sake to break the journey, visit-

[*Text continued on page* 145.]

STAR REVERIE

O little world, afloat in starlit space,
Spinning a life of æons round the sun;
Man-world, too wearied with the day to face
The vast, hushed dome of night where comets run;
Dreaming your earth-dreams while the heavens call,
While countless planets with precision draw
Their patterns glorious, out there where all
That multitude keeps harmony and law!

Behold, there is no chaos but in men;
The universe in ordered splendor gleams!
Among the spheres innumerable then,
Are you the only dreamer of strange dreams?
O little world of man, lift up your eyes
And learn obedience from midnight skies.

—Mildred Hobbs.

LAKE GEORGE

A SEVENTEENTH CENTURY PORCH

A LITTLE BRIDGE—SARATOGA

CUPBOARD CHINA

DOWN THE AVENUE

A SPRING ORCHARD—SCOTCHBUSH

ON THE BRIDGE—ELMWOOD CORNER

CHATHAM FARM DRIVE

THE ISLAND

BERKSHIRE DAISIES

AT LEISURE—NEW RUSHER

ITTLE COVERED BRIDGE — HYDE HALL

LAKE GEORGE THROUGH EVERGREENS

SLEEPY HOLLOW BROOK

A TRENTON ROAD

ing such important and interesting cities as Poughkeepsie and Albany, and such points notable for beauty as Bolton Landing and Ticonderoga. Comparisons are painful besides being otherwise objectionable. Various smaller stopping places may easily furnish as much interest to the traveler.

The writer enjoyed the little towns most of all, though Albany is notable for antiquarian interest and for much monumental architecture.

IMPRESSIONS OF WEALTH

AS the North Woods and other reservations like the Allegheny Park are fostered, they will afford for all time an annual tribute of rich abundance, through the careful thinning that is already inaugurated. The orchards, almost a continuous band up the west of the Hudson and across to the northwest of the state, are a spring wealth of beauty; a summer wealth of green, red and gold; an autumn wealth as gathered from their thousands on thousands of miles. Whoever wishes to experience a sense of wealth, will feel in the massive clusters of the grape—an almost unbroken bushel of lusciousness topping each small vine, and covering the hills about the lakes and bordering the rivers—the riches of the sun and the rain, the teeming earth, the purple quintessence of the sky and lake.

A cornfield at the height of the season, when the luscious ears, each in its tender sheath of green, each decorated with an opulent strand of silk, in well ordered ranks, serried, dependable, stately, and tall, exceeds in its sense of rich plenty anything else that man coaxes from the ground.

It is a wise and pleasing arrangement that whatever we are taking of the autumn wealth, it appears to us at the time to be the supreme

product. See an apple tree laden, as it often is, so that its burdened trunks must be supported all about, and each limb covered fully with crimson spheres, each crowding on each, filling every receptacle, covering the ground with piles of tinted beauty! When you are harvesting apples you know you must be in the midst of a plenty and a delight beyond any comparison. So from grain to fruit, from berry to tubers out of the ground, from waving grain to aftermath of heavy clover, your experience runs, and whatever economic aspect the entire process may present, at least there rolls upon the mind and heart an impression that all you have done is coming back to you a hundredfold.

That this impression is not a dreamy poetic vision appears plainly in those families that have borne the heat and burden of the day. Less eloquence about bad conditions and more knackful labors, taking advantage of the fitful season, is keeping many in the countryside in plenty and in faith that seedtime and harvest and summer and winter and cold and heat shall never cease. The rainbow rises from every generation and every individual. Its glory is as much in him as it is in the sky. Amid all the blare of the unbelieving, the stubborn reality is here, of men who love the land, thrive on it, glory and believe in it, and live rationally and with increasing intelligence on it.

It is in farming very much as in religion. The proof of the reality of it is the person who is successfully embodying it.

The impatient run away to the city. Does the worker there generally own his own home? He does not. Does his employer ceasing to employ him pay his rent? He does not. Does he have a place for his children to play? Yes, in the street; under the motor cars. When he dies, does he have a piece of ground to be buried in? Where he lives can he insure a sweet atmosphere, or a clear spring, or unmixed milk, or really sweet corn, just plucked, or sure warmth in winter? The city

dweller from the days of Imperial Rome—nay, from the most ancient history—has lost the greater part of that freedom that should be every man's birthright.

GROWTH IN APPREHENSION

OF all senses slow to develop, perhaps the sense of beauty is the most laggard. To be sure, everyone at times and places may exclaim, "Isn't it pretty?" but the hard truth comes out, as we see what men have done, that the sense of beauty is still latent, if not entirely suffocated. Look at the interior of an ordinary house. Have Harlequin and Puck furnished it? Chairs unfitted for their uses—weak, ugly, made to soil; chromos—they are coming back—framed more atrociously than ever and slanted on the wall at an ever-increasing angle; tables grotesque with "carving" such as any sane mind would become mad to gaze on; and carpets, carpets!—but I forbear. Outside, this dwelling, built for a supposedly immortal being, is of a material and of a manipulated horror of form or lack of form fitted to "teach the rustic moralist to die" and even to hope that event will not be too long deferred.

How many hours of a child's education are given to teaching him harmony of form? Harmony of sound there is an attempt to teach, but form is ever with him, whatever sounds he makes, whether harmonious or otherwise. Form presses on him, is eternally about him, and all of it is colored. Form is the phenomenon most present with him when he opens his eyes to see his mother till he closes them to the last sunset. Appropriateness of form, form designed for permanence, for grace, for relation to other forms, for its reaction on himself and his family—it is unescapable. And whatever is living has grace, from the tree he fells for firewood, or prunes for fruit, to the products them-

selves which he gathers in the autumn. See the ordered rows rich in color on each ear of corn, the symmetry of every pear or plum, the synthetic harmony of a blackberry or raspberry. A blade of blossoming grass is just as full of wonder and beauty as any flower his wife cultivates in the garden. He may like the lines of a horse—or did—but how abjectly poor is the spirit of man in appreciation of the shapes of things?

Perhaps this is the most important aspect of education. It certainly is if we are to have delight in the world. If these features are to be unnoticed they are just as much "born to blush unseen" as if at the bottom of the sea. Are there means of overcoming this deficiency? I think that if fathers point out the shapes of things to their children much may be gained. The symmetry of the young spruce or pine, its cone-like top, the variations in the bark and leaves of trees, the contours of a landscape, its contrasts and its harmonies—all these would require no time to notice, as the ordinary vocations of life are pursued. Books are not lacking which show symmetry in edifices, and those forms which have commended themselves to the great races for ages, as marked by good lines, and strong lines. It is easy to turn a child to notice that the entire natural world is struggling after beauty. Even the crystals in the rocks are the solidest and oldest proof of it, and when the insects build they never make a mistake. All their abodes are charming, from the bee cell to the oriole's nest and upward. The child can be called to see that whatever man does that is ugly is at once attacked by nature to turn it into beauty again.

There is no more reason for unsightliness in our civilization than there is for smallpox. Unsightliness always means that men don't care, and they don't care because they don't see, and they don't see because their early education has been not merely neglected but ignored.

Hence life is pretty drab, when it might be quite otherwise.

NEW YORK AS AN EMPIRE

WE think of an empire as containing components equal to self-existence. Perhaps New York answers that description better than any other state. Behind its metropolis lie great cities, each notable for supplying some need of luxury of our complicated civilization.

Buffalo is a city so rich and great that there is only one equaling it in New England, only two west of St. Louis and none in the south. Situated near the end of two great lakes, the Erie Canal, backed by an agricultural region teeming with every sort of product, it justifies its position by an immense trade, vast elevators, wide general marts, and in its civic and private aspects by striking beauty in design, solidity in architecture, magnificence in parks, squares and boulevards, and a metropolitan breadth of mind. With Cleveland, Detroit and Chicago, it forms one of the great four lake cities more typically American than any others of their size, depending as they do on the great prairies and great lakes.

Rochester, the metropolis of Lake Ontario, has expanded as a center of science wedded to manufacture, as a seat of culture and a center of agriculture, as an exponent of beauty such that a very notable American has pronounced it the finest American city of its size, and the most desirable residence city of any size.

Were this volume devoted to urban illustration such as the exteriors and interiors of institutions, a great deal, and of absorbing interest, might be written on Rochester alone.

The chain of cities, Syracuse, Rome, Utica, Schenectady, Albany, make up the links that bind the unsurpassed Mohawk Valley into a unit. The cities studding the banks of the Hudson have each an outstanding beauty of environs all its own.

Both banks of the Hudson and the regions adjacent, from Tuxedo Park on the west to White Plains on the east, and to Poughkeepsie on the north, are occupied by a body of country estates which for natural charm, landscape development, architectural adornment, are not, perhaps, to be matched elsewhere, being somewhat more extensive than similar estates on Long Island. The passer-by does not come into view of one in a hundred of these retired, noble seats. They lie far back from the public road and are surrounded by forests, lakes, orchards, and meadows of generous breadth. The Hudson and its railroads are only the approaches to these estates, which fill county after county. Westchester, with probable warrant, regards itself as the outstanding American rural county for the number and merit of its estates, so much so that occasional proposals appear for its erection into a unique municipal whole, in order to handle more satisfactorily those questions relating to sanitation, water supply, parks, highways and civic edifices.

So much for those outstanding centers in New York State which make her unique in resources and development. Not that others do not exist—Dutchess County, for instance, with its scenery so reminiscent of England, and its farms and gardens, the pride of the breeder and the florist, is, properly speaking, a little empire in itself.

But back of all these cultural features, what resources the state owns of natural wealth and beauty! Coal and iron, indeed, are not as plentiful as in Pennsylvania, but they are here. What forests still cover the vast Adirondack reserve, as large as the state of Connecticut! Where is there to be found such a stretch of orchard country as that just south of Lake Ontario? Almost two hundred miles of apple trees! And around the Finger Lakes are vineyards stretching away like Western grain fields. The Hudson also is most rich in orchards.

And there is many a county whose slopes are covered with unnumbered herds, and however these herds multiply, there is call for all the

milk produced. Cheese factories, canning establishments, storehouses for fruits appear by the hundred. Special manufactures, scarcely elsewhere known, are found from Lockport to Troy and from Ogdensburg to Elmira.

The population of New York exceeds the combined populations of a score of other states; single counties, even, outside the metropolis, being more teeming with people and their edifices than many a state of large area.

All these grouped facts being considered, it is superlatively important that the physical features of the state should be conserved and enjoyed far more than at present.

Go into the Adirondack region and too often you find the visitors huddled in cottages about some favorite lake, where they are cramped, gazed on and citified in spite of themselves, while a few miles distant other lakes and slopes are as destitute of tenants, as bare of marks of appreciation as when the red men ruled. The resources of New York in lake, river, mountain, forest and field are almost untouched. It seems a startling statement; but go to viewpoint after viewpoint and observe how seldom men have appropriated their natural heritage. They who talk of a crowded civilization must be writing from a skyscraper and looking down into the reeking tenements. There is and will be indefinitely room for men if they spread out. Appreciation of real worth is still the most lacking quality. Why, motoring on any one of four roads from the vicinity of Albany to the southwest corner of the state, the only city of any size at all is Binghamton! And in all this imperial territory, except for a few mountaintops, there is scarcely a square mile that lacks fertility and beauty. Most of the fine sites for dwellings are unoccupied. What does the New Yorker know about New York? It is the exceptional person who has seen a small fraction of it. The writer has covered fifteen thousand miles of its roads and streams, and is per-

fectly conscious that a hundred times as many natural merits and beauties exist in the state beyond what he has seen or even heard.

The state can never be conserved by commissions and organizations to any extent. These do much to stimulate private action, but it is the individual who must do for himself what none else can do. The "parlor" villages must increase. How does that come about? Somebody begins by seeing that his own premises, his home or factory, are covered with vines or studded about with trees; are kept snug and cozy. The neighbor follows. A few centers of interest like these, one in a county, are enough to transform a state. There is probably before us a small city and village development along this direction which will carry out the logical end of the good-roads movement. Billions have gone, billions are going into these roads. They are necessary for easy communication and that is the primary step in civilization. And as the passer-by comes to remark on every little city, and the resident himself, touring here and there at times, sees what other towns are doing, we may expect the greatest change that has ever come about in rural America.

On the bank of every stream, marked by special features of beauty, there should be a public path. On all beautiful slopes we require rest nooks, that the splendor of the valley may be reflected in our own dulled perceptions and not only make us glad to be alive, but make us reservoirs of ideas and activities to go out and see that every valley is beautified.

No state, whatever its natural charm, has arrived until it has recognized and practiced the broad truth that human activities must not mar the world; that they must supplement its charms and make it ten times more worth living in than it is now. Men react on landscapes and until we are sensitive to the sweetness and the strength in landscapes we have not become at home on the earth, or subdued it as a desirable residence.

CARMEL WATER

A BROOK AT DELPHI

THE OLD RIVER

A NEW YORK RIBBON ROAD

STREAM SHADOWS—NORTH NASSAU

THE VALLEY—WALTON

ON THE KINDERHOOK

THE ROAD TO THE FERRY

THE BOW—NEAR NEWCOMB

KINDERHOOK FALLS—EAST NASSAU

ROADSIDE SPIRES

THE PINE BY THE CLEFT—MOHONK

THE FACE OF THE FALL—MINNEWASKA

CONTENT WITH WHAT?

THE difference between an oyster and an angel is expressed by the difference in appreciation of surroundings. Content may be that of an oyster or that of an angel. In the case of an oyster, it arises from a full feeding of whatever faculties it may have; precisely so in the case of an angel. But while you cannot think of an oyster enjoying a view, an angel might see enough in it to be enraptured for an almost indefinite time. The fretful or bored person suffers from lack of developed feelers to take hold of life. The countrysides of New York do not lack intrinsic charm. Responsiveness to beauty makes life new and full. New York, or any part of it, is valuable as a beautiful creation if the faculty of responsiveness is developed. Otherwise it is a bore.

If men go to meet the morning, there is morning in them, and they go after a fuller, richer morning. Education in America is successful in proportion as it arouses a wish to meet the morning. To see beauty is always a delight; but it is not only not a joy forever, it is no joy at all unless it is seen. Thus a landscape is like a fair woman. She may pass before the eyes of a certain man many thousands of times without his full discernment that she is a fair woman. The nature of all women probably stimulates them to desire to be seen by somebody—the right somebody. We may think of a landscape as decking itself, and changing before the eye until it is really seen. The charming green of spring, the swelling of bud to leaf and blossom, the play of wind on water and tree; the fantastic but never graceless forms of clouds, and finally the richness of fruit and the splendors of color all pass in a seasonal procession, playing up all the arts of nature and angling for attention. If we could imagine the Divine Mind capable of contempt, the person before whom all the seasons are spread in vain would seem to merit that con-

tempt. Full expression of appreciation is usually contained in the salutation "Fine day!" Perhaps that is a compression of large appreciation, perhaps not; but how much it means defines the life of the speaker. When it means as much as possible, it will mean enough; just to be alive is sheer delight to appreciative minds. The marshaled glories of a summer day leave some, as Holmes said, "sated with rapture."

It is pitiful that the efforts of nature must wait so long for recognition. It was three hundred years before the state of New York built a road along the Hudson highlands. On the first wayside lot not controlled by the state, one will find a shack covered with all manner of signs. Mr. Ford, accused of not knowing a handsome automobile, bought up a mile of road to make it beautiful. We cannot imitate his investment but we can be glad of it. You may define the man by the things that content him. A multitude of women have carefully studied their husbands, and have reached the conclusion, now a proverb, that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach. Oh, well, let us be glad he has a heart, and that there is any way to it. But it may be said with confidence that the future, for any future worth having, of any state, is in direct relation to what possibilities men see in it. People of vision saw what Holland could be while it was a marsh. Everything worth looking at now was once a marsh; a slime. A wide-awake man helps the world up out of the marsh, and that part already up, he admires. When his admiration rises to the full he is a happy man. So long as there is beauty he believes in all sorts of good. He can't help it.

Beauty has come up; it hardly matters whence it came, so long as it is here. Whoever brought it, we thank him. Whatever power pushed it up, we are exceedingly glad of it. It looks as though beauty had come to remain, there is so much of it; and it is so persistent, so deathless. The power suggested by the stars has no such mighty effect on us common men as the beauty of a tree. Or when, without planting by us, a little

"lady's delight" springs up in an odd corner where the wind blew the seed, that is enough for me, and for most. We are sure there is Somebody scheming out beauty and we want to be at least partly awake part of the time to see it! It takes no very vivid imagination—or faith, if you prefer—to see it sweeping up from the tides' limit to the utmost mountain top. It has gone so far it can hardly retreat, give over, grow ugly and die. Only we should like to have sense enough to see it go on.

I was reading these simple remarks to a dear lady who in her turn remarked that she thought an angel had something else to do than to gape around at views. Well, at any rate, an angel in his errands may fairly be supposed to enjoy the view as he goes along. More than that, the more he enjoys it, the grander he will be as an angel. If men haven't the wisdom to enjoy views, we may be quite certain that any being with the development of an angel will enjoy them. Who made the views? Enjoying them is enjoying the part of the work of God you can see best and oftenest. I have no patience with people who don't enjoy views, which shows how far I am from being an angel.

But, to be fair to the fair lady and her opinion of angels, of course there lay behind the remark the thought that the angel was so absorbed in "higher things" that he had no leisure to appreciate views. Is that not a somewhat dangerous position to hold? In boyhood, I knew plenty of men who would say of anything beautiful, "I'm too busy for that; I have my living to earn, something more important." If, then, the man getting a living has no time for beauty, and the angel has no time, who has? By what right is beauty relegated to a secondary position? What is a living worth if it shuts out the view? The life without beauty is no life at all. One of the reasons why honest children sing, "I want to be an angel," may naturally be supposed to be that the angels can see things worth seeing and be something worth being.

It is fine to be a well developed man but it is hard to conceive of one who cares nothing for the best things in the world. Think of the poor fellows who "are interested in politics" and nothing else; or in getting a living and nothing else. If we ever attain to a world where there are no politics, what will they do? Admire the view? How can they? Heaven would be hell to them; they would break out. Does the gangster "have time for views"? Why, no; he enjoys the little hell he lives in as much as he enjoys anything, and it would seem as if a mountain must fall on him before he would wake up to enjoy it—and then what good will it do him?

Yes, the landscape must come up and hit some people before it can be thought striking. The automobile wreck may perform this miracle, but it's better to "go slow and see our town" than to "go fast and see our jail."

But can one live on views? He can't live fully, without a love of beauty. It is the sarcasm of those who own poor but "sightly" farms to say that the views afford a poor living. Well, if the trough is all there is to it, go to it. Beauty helps us to live, and it helps greatly; it makes the difference between the beast and the man.

The different appeals that reach men measure those men. Life is vastly enriched by taking notice that this is a very heavenly world; that it is continually suggesting heaven, and the man who doesn't like it won't like heaven. The world is a pearl to such, cast before swine. They used to give children sugar teats to quiet them. Later they gave rattles. Now, sometimes, they buy rattles on four alleged wheels. The rattle, however, is more than an allegation; it makes good. So you have to give people different things to make them happy, and we are classified by things that content us. Bootlegging seems to bring enjoyment to many; those who do it, and those who are done by. Some are made miserable by a certain amendment to the constitution—but con-

sider how unhappy the bootleggers would be if the amendment were abolished.

Have we considered that the world could not be made that would please everybody? The man who does not like New York as God made it, and who does not like it as man made it, has not much coming to him but misery. Why not look around and admit that there are any number of people who are happy despite all amendments or the lack of them? The papers do not say anything about these people because they have never been divorced, have not committed murder, or even been picked up drunk. "Under the wide and starry sky" the sensible millions whistle their way along and are glad of the best world they ever experienced.

To them the smoke of evening fires in autumn, the afterglow of the twilight, the rounded stack, the nestling of young lambs or young children at evening is very good. If there are thousands of vile books, there are thousands more of good ones—more than they can read all the evenings of their lives. There are, still, more men to whom their wives are beautiful than there are men who want the seventh commandment repealed. There are so many who cannot be happy without raising hell. One would imagine from some propaganda that all good things are prohibited. No body of men in corporate capacity assembled has ever objected to the blooming of the daisy or the long golden silk of the corn. There is no law against our wives being as handsome as they can, and the man who does not glory in a curly-headed tot is certainly too bad for this world.

The critics who complain about lack of freedom are standing on their heads. The people who have enjoyed all the freedom there is are in dens of some kind—perhaps brothels—or in the potter's field. They have not the joys of a home, there is an impassable barrier between them and what they do not want—and what they do not want is

the best there is. A flaming sword keeps the way of the tree of real life, because all they want to do is to defile it.

When I see a sweet landscape with its dwellings, small or ample, all embedded in trees, all crossed with smug walls, all reached by winding roads and watched over by the hills, watered by streams as sweetly curving as the lines of a master artist, all sung to by the whippoorwill at the edge of the wood, I am glad this vision is before me; it is lost on me to say that it is better to blow it up or burn it up by anarchy; it is lost on me to say how miserable these people are—you don't know a tenth of their misery. No, nor a hundredth part of their joys, their loves, hopes, knowledge, their schemes for betterment, their truth and fineness in trouble, their sterling humanity. If we don't know how the other half live, at least we know something good is stirring in most of them and the scheme of development is going on in the direction of sweeter landscapes filled by sweeter lives.

Professor Pupin, out of the miseries and dark of an old world past, and with a good look by his careful eyes into the present scientific development, sees a much fairer world coming. He is just a scientist; he does not write Sunday School books. He stands so very high in his profession and has demonstrated his visions so often that when he sees coming richer life for men, set in a finer landscape, all thrift and plenty, all sanity and all peace, we may at least do him the grace to listen.

HURRAH FOR THE MOON

THERE are still many exceptions to the stomach path to the heart. The moon is a well known stimulant of emotion, so much so that people a little different from the bread and butter philosophy were called moonstruck. Hurrah for the moon! On a

quiet evening its influence is mighty, and will prevail over the celebrated average man. Which goes to prove that life is more than meat. Music, it is true, has for the most a greater influence. Noise is the common method of attraction for crickets as well as for those of us who have our skeletons on the inside; but silence, and the moon, and a good view are responsible for a good deal even among the phlegmatic Teutonic stock, which often gets wide awake under such influences.

One of the finest things in life is the unconscious stimulation of beauty. There are certain quiet scenes which, on the slow mind, may require forty years to make their full impression. Simple people with small opportunity, and no knowledge of the poets, will at length absorb the beauty of their surroundings. The photographic plates by hours of exposure in the telescope records many stars never seen before. It is the steady impression that finally takes effect. So some minds without brilliance at last come to perceive through a sixth sense, perhaps, the finest in their surroundings. When once this effect has come about it is indelible, and deep, and such persons love and know more of beauty, in the end, than the professional artist.

The converse of this experience is sometimes true with shallow people. They have seen a thing so often that it fails of its impression. But the fault lies not in the object seen but in him who sees. If he lacks deeps, and thinks he has seen all, he will never see more. Surrounded by luxury, he loses his taste by too much tasting. No eye has yet ever fathomed any large degree of a landscape. The subtleties that compose it cannot be fully analyzed, nor its charm explained. The delight occasioned arises out of an intuition in the "deep profound" of philosophy. There is so much that goes into the making of full appreciativeness, between the amœba and the full grown man, that most people forget how long the faculty of apprehension has taken to develop, and hence do

[*Text continued on page* 177.]

SONGS OF THE BOBOLINK

Dingle-dingle in the heavens, Bobolink!
Bobolink!
Little mate o' mine will follow as I sing
On the wing;
From the land of the opossum
To the apple trees in blossom!
In the bridal north we'll build a cosy nest
With the rest!

Dingle-dingle in the grasses! Do you see
Mate and me?
We have found the very meadow that is dear
Every year!
With the early flush adorning
Sparkling dew-drops of the morning,
Notes come tumbling helter-skelter into song,
Clear and long!

There is Oriole returning to his realm
In the elm,
And his shining yellow vest and plaintive call
Capture all.
Pretty one in meadow yonder,
Can it be that you are fonder
Of your guardsman and his breast of sombre hue?
Tell me true!

In the meadow nest we have a precious tie,
Mate and I!
Baby twitterings are borne upon the breeze
Through the trees!
And I'm singing, singing, singing,
Setting all the hillside ringing!
I am singing to my birdlings! Bobolink!
Bobolink!

—Mildred Hobbs.

A MOUNTAIN OUTPOST

BLOSSOMS BY THE LAKE

THE HOMEWARD WAY

THE OLDEST COOPER HOUSE—COOPERSTOWN

CHAMPLAIN POPLARS

A GARDEN OUTLOOK—COOPERSTOWN

THE ARCH IN THE DELL

FENIMORE COOPER'S GARDEN—COOPERSTOWN

FORT JOHNSON

RIVER LIGHTS

BRANT NARROWS

A ROADSIDE PEBBLE

A SULLIVAN COUNTY STREAM

KANONA

A GENEVA STREET—GENEVA

not infer, as they might do, the future course of that development. As we shall sometime know how to take the electricity, easily, out of the air, so the sense of beauty bids fair to become quickened until it shall be a necessity, just as some are never fully happy now without flowers.

So, hurrah again for the moon, the first object to take a child out of himself, and to begin to make him a citizen of "worlds unrealized." Just as that small camera, the eye, takes in the milky way, so we know perfectly by intuition that everything beautiful belongs to us. This is the universal freemasonry of conscious accord with all beauty, so that Everyman's art gallery is just as large as he wishes to make it. It is not "rich with the spoils of time" but with that "harvest of a quiet eye" garnering the timeless glories of sky and earth and sea. But however much we see, we do not see enough; not deeply enough, not far enough, not with enough comparison and estimation. We must look again. We come back to former visions and find them finer because we have now experiences that bring perception. Beauty grows in glory as it is gazed upon. Probably it will fill the lives of the generations more and more from age to age.

THE COUNTRY CURE FOR ANARCHY

NO man with an acre of potatoes can be an anarchist. It is the fellow who looks over the fence, who did not plant, who desires the abolition of private property—for others. The anarchist just wants private property for himself. Anybody can soon become an anarchist by standing on a city street and seeing the world go by. While the rest of the world is working with its hands, he is talking. If he were pro-

ducing ideas, it would be well; but of all that is stale on earth, commend us to his preachments. Some parsons may be dull, but has any new idea been struck out in the brain of an anarchist since talk began?

In speaking with a great number of New York farmers, little and big, I did not find one anarchist. The ownership of a plot of land, however small, makes its owner, so far, a good citizen. If he treats that land fairly he is almost certainly a good citizen. He cannot be a man of violence; of indolence—and there is plenty of land. The foot-free person, not having any business of his own to mind, naturally minds other people's business. The only busybody is the person who is not busy.

Further, the calming effect of country life, noted by all the poets and many of the philosophers, is a constant force, as available now as ever. Once every man was struggling for land. Many a farmer in Ireland who had only ten acres told me he could do very well with five acres more. Those acres are valued less highly in New York than in Ireland. They are, one might almost say, freely open to settlement in rural New York. They may be had for a tenth of the labor costs once employed to put them in condition, to clear them of forest, build fences, dwellings and farm roads.

To be sure, they are being forsaken. This is occurring at the very time when agriculture, being at an ebb, is due to a turn of the tide. As in the stock market, not long ago, when everything was low, was the time to buy. The man who holds on wins at any business—except possibly that of carriage builder!

The earliest settler was not concerned so much with what he could sell as with producing what he needed. We may be driven back in some degree to a more self-contained country domain, every farm being a miniature state of itself, but it is clear that sometime the balance between the city and country will be struck. The pendulum cannot always swing

one way. If the increase of urban and the decrease of rural population continues at the present rate, the rural element will soon have the best of it, since we must all eat.

It is less and less true that combination always makes for efficiency. There are many specialized farm crops which require the direct attention of an interested person, and this age is very ready to take the supreme product, in fruit and flower.

But even were none of these things wholly true, the large sanity that comes to people working out of doors is more important than a little larger financial advantage. If nervous irritability is the result, as it usually is, of urban competition, is it not better to keep one's balance in the country than to be sent to a sanitarium there, at a great price, for attention? Is it not better to remain in the country and to keep well than to go there to get well?

A public official of New York has written an excellent comic parody on "The Old Oaken Bucket," and it has been pointed out that the precautions taken against disease in cities has lowered the urban death rate. The conclusion that the city is therefore safer as a residence is fallacious because the same precautions taken in the country, plus the purer air and rural tonic conditions, must certainly sway the balance for the country. For the family that requires watching, perhaps the town is the better. Intelligent persons in the country have it in their power to keep their water and milk supply pure. You can never persuade a babe that pasteurized, warmed-up milk is equal to that which comes warm from the cow of an intelligent farmer.

THE INDIVIDUALITY OF LANDSCAPES

IN an age of humdrum standardization, a cheerful reaction is obtained by noticing that no two landscapes are alike. The emphasis placed on the value of curios is largely concerned with their unusualness. The possessor of a little land anywhere between the Hudson and southwest New York has a landscape unlike any other. The peculiar curves of his stream, the special contour of his hill, the bowled valley below, the scattered elms and beeches, make an unmistakable picture, different from anything else on earth, individual and so far a rare and much-to-be-desired habitation. This is the reason for the character and the charm of a country home. It explains the peculiar and powerful affection that gathers about the country residence.

To be sure, many dwellers, not perceiving this advantage, do their best to conform their architecture and their lawns to their neighbors, not knowing that the merit is in the unlikeness rather than in the likeness. This is the indictment against a lawn. It has no place in the country, where the rolling land reaches to the very front door. It would appear that the self-conceit with which the Englishman is charged works in favor of charm about his homestead, because he thinks his home, as it is, better than others. He is more often right than wrong. The American, in order to secure beauty about his home, requires first to take stock of the situation as it is rather than to bring to his estate preconceived notions of how it ought to look. Architects are now taking care to inspect the ground before they plan the simplest country houses.

The other day in a small village I noted a large new church rising so as to face an exceedingly steep hill. Land in this village was cheap. The worst site in town had been chosen. This is only another way of

saying that the inoculation of the schools does not take. The sense of beauty, of proportion, of fitness in physical things is as wholly lacking in many educated persons as it was in their cave-dwelling ancestors, who at least decorated their walls with etchings. The individuality, then, of the site should be emphasized instead of fought against; the dwelling adapted to the location rather than the location adapted to the dwelling.

It may be thought with much reason that the rural charm of England is largely accidental, or at least that the development is consequent upon the ancient divisions of the landscape, the necessary walls and embankments, or the materials available for building. As regards roofs, this judgment is accurate, for the heavy rough flints or slates were secured near by. The very poverty of resources has often resulted in an indefinable but decided charm. The shifts to which men have been put for materials results in breaking up uniformity. The wealth of America, making it easy to order a dwelling on a regulation plan, has taken all the surprises out of architecture. One feels the lack of individual contrivances at corners and gables and window nooks; contrivances which are not the less delightful because they grew out of necessity.

Thus the distinctness of a landscape should be carried out and assisted by distinctness in culture features—the bridge to match the river, the paths and roads to match the slopes, the dwellings to agree with the materials to be found as near by as possible; possibly all of the materials on the very property to be improved, which is not as difficult as it may seem. Thus every country dweller in the humblest home may readily secure an intimacy with his own landscape and appropriately, as well as historically, take his name from his acres.

As some birds construct the entrances of their nests so that they can barely squeeze through, it would seem that some of our fathers who were physically low and lean made their doorways so as to associate with

only those of their own stature—a passion for individuality which excites our humor. A friend has an old dwelling with a narrow passage beside a chimney, between two rooms, which he has named "fat-man's misery." Yet the eternal fitness of things abides, and houses ought not to be grand for men of small stature and thin purse.

If there is any delusion commoner than another, it is that a large house is desirable. It can never be very beautiful; it loses all intimacy; it is not an incitement to local homely decoration in some much loved section of it, and it keeps the owner always poor if he keeps it in repair. Most dwellings in America are too large and too bare and without a touch of affectionate care. Who does not look with amazement upon a country full of the finest building stone to which materials for edifices are all brought from afar, and are foreign to the scene? People who tell us, often without warrant, "the brick in this house was brought from England by our ancestors," merit the reply, "the more fools they."

The fundamental fault is in neglect of what is good and in running away after what is less good. One ought to have faith in the land, the trees, the stones, as well as in God. It takes a thousand years—yes, ten thousand—for some materials to be recognized as desirable. Mr. James Fenimore Cooper once said to the author that the settlers of Cooperstown felt they must have dwellings of brick, because stone was the cheap, common material of no consequence. The present generation knows better. There is an endless satisfaction in creating from the materials one has, rather than in repining for something unattainable.

THE HEALING FOREST

I SUSPECT it is not the healing odor of balsam that tones us up in the forest, but the entire environment. Sitting with one's back against a tree, noticing the assured calm about one, makes for healing. Trees never get angry but talk back to us eloquently. It seems at first impossible to believe that a tree, despite drought, storm, cold, blight and fire, can keep benignantly growing for two hundred years and be more beautiful than when it was young; but some trees have done that very thing for two, three or a dozen times two hundred years. To hear the complaints with which the air is filled, one would think vegetation was completely done for, yet the New York roadsides are lined with elms, oaks, sycamores; large, peaceful, and very certain of themselves. The bugs bite and have their day but the tree comes back to its glory. Three years of pest in succession, and pest in full power, are required to kill a maple tree. Life is more triumphant than it ever was.

When men are too discouraged to cultivate their land, they soon find it has planted its own crop and is seeding itself with a forest as magnificent as that which originally covered the country. By the third year, weeds become few and good growth succeeds them. The forest "knits up the ravel'd sleeve of care" because it is so undisturbed; and it communicates its virtues to the human beings who retreat to it. It forms its own carpet, rejuvenates itself from past years, takes its life from the air which we cannot see, and from the hidden chemical elements underground which we can see no better. Its wounded trees heal themselves by their own sap, and the fruit tree on its borders will blossom in the spring even if it has been overthrown in the winter. The stillness of the wood encourages the right sort of reflection. We seem less insignificant in the wood than among men. Every leaf is an invitation to con-

tentment. Of course, contentment cannot be given to a man by forced feeding, but there is something for every intelligence in the wood, and if the man is on a hunger strike that is his blind misfortune. We can't take what we fail to reach for, and any man who starves is in a sense a suicide.

An advantage in a wood is the restriction of vision till we are almost compelled to attend to the beauty next us. Out in the open we look afar and overlook what calls almost under our feet. Nobody ever sees a "flower in a crannied wall" when he is gazing at a panorama. We can scarce observe a tree if there is anything else in sight. Propinquity stimulates, and we absorb inevitably when intimacy is unavoidable. Mrs. Browning says so happily:

"But the wood all close and clenching
Bough in bough and root in root—
No more sky (for over-branching)
At your head than at your foot.
Oh, the wood drew me within it by a glamour past dispute."

GLAD TO BE SEEN

IS there any doubt that the flowers and grasses and trees and brooks are glad to be seen? If the color and forms of things are a delight, it makes no immediate difference whether they are made for us or we were made for them—a little of each, perhaps. If eyes have developed out of feelers or latent sensory nerves conscious first only of dim light, then in a sense the heart of things possesses a longing to know itself and to establish relations outside itself. It is always pitiful to observe the sense of poverty—it is an unreal thing, poverty; it exists only in thought. Not by any means that a hungry person merely imagines he is hungry,

AUSABLE GORGE

THE AUSABLE

AUTUMN IN DUTCHESS COUNTY

A SUFFERN MEADOW

ALONG UNDERCLIFF

BATTLEMENT TERRACE

SARATOGA LAKE

SHADOW BANK

MEADOW LIBERTY

CANADARAGA

GREAT ELMS—NORTH HORNELL

THE BRINK OF THE FALLS—NEAR CLARKSC

UNDER HIGH FALLS

THE RAPIDS—NIAGARA

THE AUSABLE VALLEY

YORK STATE ELMS

MOUNTAIN SENTINELS

A WOODSTOCK ARCH

AUSABLE GLEN—NEAR LAKE PLACID

but the real wealth of chemical power all around us and in us is so great that a well balanced mind partakes of nature in a thousand ways.

Occasionally, on a morning when the air is crisp and sweet, we go out to a welcoming world and say that it is good to be alive. And the more we are in touch with the earth and the air and the living things in each, the more glad are we to be alive.

"Yet these sweet sounds of the early season
And these fair sights of its sunny days,
Are only sweet when we fondly listen
And only fair when we fondly gaze."

—BRYANT.

THE ADVANTAGE OF NECESSITY

THE rich man tends inevitably to get things done for him, so that he grows poorer every day. The knowledge of intimacy he loses. So we see presidents wisely fishing for themselves. The more we delegate, the thinner our lives are. The delegated person has the best of it. There is more fun in picking the berries than in eating them, but if they must be eaten, they are better after we pick them. I cannot imagine a condition in life that would not make it delightful to wander on the hills above Lake George and gather blueberries. When a shower comes down, we can hide under an evergreen—so much better than an umbrella—and the breaking clouds make our moving picture.

Somebody has kindly divided the clouds into classes for us. Perhaps we can't help trying to do such things, but there were certainly a good many times as numerous varieties of clouds on the last afternoon we spent above the Landing than are written about in books. They chased and devoured each other. Every instant one was born and another died.

Each had its own particular reflection and each met the mountainside in its own way. There is always so much doing in the sky on a breezy day above Lake George. Why should anyone crave an oil painting when the skies are alive with them and they are framed by the pillars of the west? Consider those fellows in a smoky auction room bidding a million more or less for some paint on a canvas. They are welcome to it. Give us the world at first hand.

The old pasture has the most adorable trees in the corner, by the broken wall. The shapes of their exposed roots follow more curves than a mathematician ever plotted, and these trees are grouped better than Elliot could arrange them. Above, the wind-swept height is bare, except for the berry bushes. Here is the spot where the history ought to be written of New York state, because after it was completed we could so easily tear it up and see it lived. To have room! Room!

ONE-SIDED PROGRESS

THE age has recently emerged, scientifically, so that almost every line of human endeavor has benefited, but while this has been going on it is a question whether any progress at all has been made on the æsthetic side. The Greek traveled in a cart or by a less satisfactory method, but he had really good pictures and sculpture in his home and on his squares. There are at this moment certain public statues which are worse than a joke—they are horrible. There seems not even power among people who know good from bad to annihilate such sculpture. It is exceptional when the average citizen has a fairly good painting in his home. We are doing relatively almost nothing to make the world more attractive. Indeed, the impression is almost ingrained that beautiful things are for the rich. This, of course, is utterly contrary to the

facts, but as the impression prevails it prevents efforts for a change. There are numerous wealthy persons who have nothing beautiful in or out of their dwellings. There are occasional persons of very limited means whose little dwellings and much of their contents are beautiful.

It will be necessary to push a crusade for a more agreeable world; agreeable, that is, to the decent citizen. This crusade will not concern itself with what is eaten, nor with modern inventions except to banish ugliness from them. It may be that motor cars are being advertised for their beauty, though what beauty there can be about the shape of a motor car as now constructed would puzzle the æsthetic mind. Also, it may be a hopeful sign that large expenditures are being made, probably some billions of dollars annually, to secure beauty in the human face, in architecture, in decoration.

But back of all this is the matter of cultivating good taste. If a woman looks worse, as she usually does, when she comes out of a beauty parlor than when she went in, why this waste of good material, for which dollars an ounce is charged? And if the house front is to be covered with certain uncouth forms in the way of ornament, why not give the money so spent to some needy hospital? The interior of the house, also, where so much more is expended, because the expense is repeated every few years, proves by this very process to be done wrongly; else why the change?

A road is cut through and an unsightly bank is left, a gash on the face of the world. A law may be mentioned here that has not occurred to all economists: Ugliness is always a source of loss. This bank, for instance, will begin to wash down unless it is planted or walled. Many railroads have now learned this law and are softening the grades to their tracks and setting them with plants that do well in such locations. But what can be done in a public way cannot be extended over a private fence. Until the citizen learns the importance, to himself and to the

community, of right lines, he will not seek after them; unless he has a natural love of beauty, which is a trait possessed by a very small fraction of our race.

Undoubtedly much could be done in the schools by the comparative method. Pictures of good and bad designs, each of about the same cost, could be exhibited to children. This method of instruction should be easily carried out, as almost every eye enjoys a picture. Children can be shown the difference between the good and the bad, and after a time pupils can be called up to point out this difference in another series of pictures. Dwellings, landscapes, gardens, grounds, rooms, furniture, may all follow in picture in this way.

Probably more progress can be made in such a method of instruction, for the pains taken, than in any other sort of teaching. Incidentally, also, the teacher will of necessity learn something of the subject. Thus it can be shown that certain materials are appropriate in some localities; that certain colors are desirable; that certain roof lines should be confined to certain climates. It is not necessary to impart a course in architecture but to appeal to the common sense of a pupil and to carry the pupil into a general apprehension of needs, so that when the services of an architect are wanted something definite may be arrived at.

It is more often than not the case that the small roadside house is erected without the services of an architect. If the owner while in school had enjoyed a few days of instruction on the lines suggested, he would not make the egregious errors he is making now. For how many dwellings seen by the roadside are attractive? The writer, in threading a great many thousand miles of rural roads, has not seen more than one appealing dwelling, except of recent construction, in ten thousand. In our cities of the second class we are now getting many beautiful houses. But the little house, which ever has been and ever must be the home of the large majority of the people, has been neg-

lected. This matter perhaps has never been gotten at in a straightaway fashion. There come to mind just now several architects' offices that will not undertake any dwelling to cost less than a considerable number of thousands of dollars; one office has set the minimum at fifty thousand. As a consequence, the small cottage is built from designs supplied by the farm or weekly paper—if designs are used at all—and for such designs really good architects are seldom available.

The sad thing about the matter is that the owner thinks that he has put up a handsome building, and the worse it looks, the more ornament there is upon it, the handsomer he believes it to be, whereas the converse is more often true.

Ideas of decoration lag behind mechanical development. The very word "decoration" carries to many minds an entirely wrong significance. By derivation, the word means made fair, or attractive—it does not mean studded with knobs and angles and brackets and covered with what the builder is pleased to call "ornaments." We notice how little such ornament is to be found on the better class of dwelling in the eighteenth century, yet we notice that those dwellings were almost always attractive, with some sense of style. Unfortunately, the quite general dilapidation or destruction of such dwellings has sometimes left even old neighborhoods without a single example remaining.

The advantages proposed in teaching such things by picture lie in the impressions quickly taken by children. It is quite too late to obtain results by addressing women's clubs on the subject, though a little good may be done in that way. A series of rooms should be shown in the same way that is used for the single one. The requirement of small rooms for small pieces of furniture can be taught, and the corresponding comparison. The objection to crowding is easily shown in pictures. Almost no room looks well in a picture until half of the furniture has been removed. Then the importance of right lines can be indicated;

the error of highly decorated furniture in a simple room, or of bald barnlike furniture in a highly finished room. Examples of good and bad chairs may be shown side by side. Lantern slides, if more convenient, may be used. Comparison is the basis of knowledge and taste. After one sees the good repeatedly, he will not choose the bad. It may then be pointed out that cheap upholstered furniture is always bad, because filled with wretched materials, and that it is at any rate prohibitory except for the rich, as slight soil renders it unsanitary and repulsive.

The construction of furniture can also be shown in picture; the good and the bad methods, the rickety dowel method and the solid mortise method. Then approved styles may be shown and the faults of the Victorian styles indicated with the greater faults of the present day. Walls should be exhibited. A few pictures of almost any wall will indicate a slipshod decoration, which merely needs to be pointed out to be improved. It is a question, in fact, if pupils will not learn faster by walking about with their teacher with notebooks in hand to prepare for the questioning that will follow.

The tawdriness of overfinish, the beauty of simplicity, the greater charm of a few good lines over many—all this would supply a primary course in art more satisfactory than is available for children at present.

It is a terrible object lesson—the number of miles that must be traversed to find a single satisfactory dwelling, happily placed. This method of investigation will speedily prove that practically nothing has been done yet for the external æsthetics of rural regions. Whatever is fair and sweet is almost always accidental. So true is this that the resident seeing a picture being made usually pauses in wonder, and is completely taken aback by the idea that here before him has existed since his boyhood an art composition.

But little by little the city man's proper appreciation of the picturesque is leading him to possess himself of those quaint old country

homes whose owners little suspect that their old houses are good. In this manner the city man, if he has the knowledge and the virtue of restraint, may set the pace for the neighborhood where he buys. If unhappily he begins to spoil the charms he has recently acquired the last case of that man is worse than the first.

The buyer can often recognize that an old place has charm but he fails to know the elements of the charm. The consequence is, he may gradually destroy the things which in their totality made up the beauty of the place. The rule in all such cases should be: Restore; do not add. A certain new porch or roof may kill all the charm; new or different windows or cornices may be fatal.

COLD FACTS ON COUNTRY LIFE

GROTESQUE ideas of country life appear very often in stories and in reviews of country conditions. The fault lies in the working up of such articles in city offices, where only a mass of brick is visible. It is worth while to get this matter straightened out, because it is of prime importance.

To begin with, we should fully understand that rural conditions have never been luxurious and never will be. Gray, speaking of the English farmer, refers to his "chill penury." I remember country conditions just after the Civil War, and have checked the conditions, so far as literature permits, in other periods of American, English and French history. My conclusion is that farm life has never been favorable to the acquisition of fortunes. The bitter cry of the peasant gave warrant for the French Revolution, though it is to be noted that the revolution was brought about by the mob of Paris.

[*Text continued on page* 209.]

SACONDAGA BLOSSOMS

AT DAWN

Over the coral waters of the dawn, jewel-dripping
From the oars' still, rhythmic dipping,
Along the Sacondaga shores and all about my boat
The little unseen artists of the springtime seem to float!
On gauzy wings of dragonflies,
Perchance, they dart among the reeds and meadow rue
To touch them with the tinting of the skies;
Or from the fanning wings of butterflies, they brush
With dots of heaven-blue
The budding tips of grasses on the banks, tall and lush;
Painting the violets and bluets frail,
And silvering their spangled cobweb-veil;
Filling the buttercups from pots of gold,
And dashing dandelions with splashes bold.
Above the sound of lapping waters and the singing reel,
There comes a hum of busy folk on wings of bumblebees,
Riding through the crooked apple trees,
Out-spreading petal-stuff, the pink of morn,
From bough to bough, and tossing showers from the white thorn.
I can hear their merry calls
From weeds and briars of the tumbled walls!

AT SUNSET

The Sacondaga waters are aflame
And all the glory of the heavens acclaim!
They cry aloud
With strokes of crimson on a golden cloud.
The trees and mountains cast their silhouettes of green
Upon an opal sheen;
And as the rainbow colors shift, pale lilies lie
With petals lifted to an orchid sky.
The gold and purple pools, great pansy faces,
Are blossoms drifted down from heavenly places.

. . . . . .

With Sacondaga memories I softly float and dream
Through gold-glad and purple-sad reflections of life's stream.

—Mildred Hobbs.

SACANDAGA BLOSSOMS

KEYSVILLE BIRCHES

A WELL SET COTTAGE

THE RESTING SACANDAGA

DELAWARE MEADOWS AND BANK

A RIPPLING CURVE

A HAPPY FAMILY

PEACE ON THE DELAWARE—EAST BRANCH

THE PASTURE POOL

ON THE CHENANGO

UP THE VALLEY—NORTH PETERSBURGH

SARANAC PINES

DIVIDING WATERS—NEW WALTON

A SARANAC STREAM

AT THE LITTLE BRIDGE—CHATHAM

Wat Tyler's Rebellion was a protest against bad conditions in the rural districts. We are familiar with the flocking of the farmers of Italy to Rome, during the imperial epoch, and the free dole of bread supplied by grain from Sicily and Africa. The good old times recede like a mirage when they are carefully approached and scrutinized. Farm conditions have never been good except for very brief intervals, and under temporary stimulus, if by "good" is meant tending to enrich the farmer. The same may be said of any other trade. No man doing manual labor is on the way to wealth unless he is a wise investor of savings, but usually the paid employee has a larger average margin than the owner cultivator.

A recent article mentions the farm "laborer" of Vermont as not appearing to be starved, but stalwart. The remark is based on a total misapprehension. Who is a farm laborer? On some thousands of farms I knew of when young, there was no instance in which the farmer did not work with any men he employed. He was as much a "laborer" as they; and in more than half the instances the hired man had already land of his own, and eventually married and settled on it. On most farms he was, and is, temporary help, coming in during the pressing season of hay or grain harvest, or apple picking. The farmer, with his boys, did the ordinary work of farm. It was not feasible, nor is it now, to hire very much, for the value of the crop does not warrant paying out much to gather it.

As a striking instance, in the year 1926, an old, well-to-do farmer, who had in certain years made a thousand dollars on his apple crop, did not even harvest his apples. He computed the cost of the containers, the cost of picking and delivering to the freight station, and found that it was more than the price offered for the apples. This farmer is counted an excellent business man. The instance shows once more that there is no possible regulation of demand and supply, and that the one-crop

farmer—which this one was not—is always liable to lean years. It also proves the shortage of labor.

Of course, in this same year some farmers stored their apples in buildings of a modern character, slightly heated to prevent freezing, and later on sold them. Whether the cost of storage, heating, resorting, and rejection of slightly decayed fruit, added to previous costs, left any margin of profit depends somewhat on local conditions but more on the individual energy and knowledge of the farmer. But fifty years ago the fruit crop was not generally a large source of profit, being very precarious as to quantity and quality and subject to violent fluctuations of price. Only certain very good years and careful foresight, close attention, and very hard work, could or can put a farmer in easy circumstances.

It would appear capable of demonstration that insects, or fungus pests, have increased markedly, but the more difficult a crop is to raise, the larger the price obtained, so that the burden in this case appears to fall on the consumer. It is said that the boll weevil has, by reducing the quantity of the cotton crop, actually caused the planter to receive a larger price this year, by far, for his product, than he did before he fought this pest. Of course there are regions where carelessness in preventive measures has left cotton farmers in very bad case, especially if they have not diversified their crops, and cotton was all their source of revenue.

The New York farmer depends, for his moderate degree of prosperity, on too many factors to say that he is, or is not doing very well. Some large milk farmers eventually gain a handsome competency. Some of their neighbors with like conditions of soil and market gradually go to the wall. They "peter out." Perhaps they are able to cling to their lands, but there is always with them the mortgage, and the holder of it does not want to take the farm, which, under the conditions of manage-

ment, has, perhaps, fallen to a value less than the face of the mortgage.

It is clear that when one man succeeds and another man fails with the same environment, the explanation is invariably a personal one. If "farming paid," at the present time, so many would soon go into it that prices would fall below living conditions.

One may as well ask whether the dry goods business or the hardware business pays. On the face of it the question is silly. It pays the man who makes it pay. Therefore generalizations such as "farming doesn't pay" are meaningless, unless the meaning is that it is not a road to great wealth. But such a statement is no news, and has been no news, since "Adam delved and Eve span."

But certain important changes have occurred in farm life. A hundred years ago the farmer did not so much seek to supply his family with all things enjoyed by city people. Even in towns in those days there were no bathrooms nor, as the English say, "central heating." Not so great a degree of comfort was enjoyed in the country home as now. Here and there thrifty and ambitious farmers have thoroughly plumbed their houses. The other farmers have left conditions as they were, and still are, in most small villages.

The farmer who has not the energy or keenness to provide modern conditions is absolutely as well off as his great-grandfather, but relatively he has fallen behind and says that farming does not pay. It should be frankly owned by the farmer, and all who are interested in his welfare, that he cannot have such a home as the person who, by skill, or business genius, has arrived at an income of four to ten thousand a year.

Combinations and the use of machinery have produced marked improvements, as in California, but always the getting ahead to the ownership and working of a thousand acres means the development of workers who are not owners. Small proprietors mean a general, moderate in-

come and no landless men. Large proprietors mean large incomes (till the business genius dies) and many landless men.

If country life were to take on a new aspect today, and every farmer found it profitable to employ one to ten helpers steadily, would conditions really be improved? Should we not have, provided labor was plenty, too much bidding for work, and "chill penury" or, with shortage of labor, a reversion to the small farm which the owner can work for himself?

The writer has experimented, somewhat extensively, with farming, hiring at times a good many men; at times, one or two. At present, and probably from now onward, the produce of a large farm will not pay for steady employment, unless the man who conducts the farm is a working boss, wise, keen, with favorable markets of which he can take advantage.

Certain large farming enterprises succeed, but they depend, as in the case of any business, on the life lease and the energy of the person who starts the enterprise. Why not frankly face an immemorial condition? It is simply this; most men lack the qualities necessary for the leadership of a large enterprise, whether on the farm, in trade or in manufacture. Probably the majority of men require pushing to keep them to a proper standard, and that has never been the fact. The worker who has only his hands to offer will not die a millionaire, nor will he approach that condition.

A curious illustration along these lines has been afforded in America during the last generation, and is still being offered. A certain race of immigrants, whose genius has been turned to trade for two thousand years or more has, in a good many instances, been helped to establish itself on farms. Benevolent men of their own race have assisted by loans, donations or other aids. What happens? After a very little time, the new farmer finds that the wise buying or selling of cows, or other

farm animals, brings him a certain profit, and he neglects in large part the tilling of the soil for dickering. If his dickering rises to respectable proportions he becomes an avowed trader and nothing else, using his farm as a merchant uses his warehouse, to keep his stock in trade. This race very exceptionally sticks to the plow, the ax, the apple basket. It drifts into merchandising, or, proving incompetent therein, pitted against sharper minds, goes the way of all poor farmers.

From the time of Shakespeare's inquiry, "How a score of ewes now?" answered, "A score of *good* ewes," to the present time when the price of a milch cow—a *good* milch cow—is asked, the husbandman must be part of his time a merchant. If he raises crops only, he cannot sell; if he trades only, he cannot raise crops. The consequence is he must be somewhat above the average intelligence or "farming won't pay," for him. The shallow townsman accustomed to think of the farmer in terms of the caricaturist can get on more easily than the farmer, for the mechanic in the shop has an employer who must attend to the selling.

Country life therefore calls for more faculties and provides a wider experience than town life. Hence, as we go along a country road one farm is bright, clean with every sign of abundance, and another shows every sign of neglect in land and building. If you talk with the proprietor of the poor estate, he will tell you it does not pay to fix up farm buildings. In a sense he is right. Interest can be earned only on simple farm structures but such as they are they must be kept up or they will soon become a total loss.

But go along a street in a large village, where the shops are. Some windows will be unkempt and even repulsive and the edifice will appear weary of this great world. Other shops will show every mark of thrift. The commonest and most radical error, in conversations on country conditions, is in failing to note that the same law of diligence, good sense,

thrift, enterprise, and love of one's occupation holds good in city and country. It is futile to say the life of either is hard. That is merely the truism that we are not in heaven, and that most of us seem to have a long future before we gain a measure of mastery over our surroundings.

One thing, however, the city writer or casual tourist may easily learn: the farmer, so far as food is concerned, lives well. He requires a good deal of food, and, like cooks in the midst of plenty, he, producing food, is not likely to go hungry. With the eggs and chickens, he gets some animal food, and his annual pig killing provides more, even if he has less fresh beef than the city man.

Whatever grows directly from the ground the farmer naturally enjoys at a ridiculously low price as compared with the cost of a few vegetables at a market. The farmer succeeds best who eats from his land.

In the last analysis, the men who do the farming are those who choose to do it. They either love the soil and its products, or the freedom of open acreage, or the better physical condition resultant from outside work, or for some other reason they keep the farm.

There is a large and continual trend away from the city on the part of those who have read "Ten Acres Enough," or some similar more modern idyl. These lost city people in the country sometimes make good, but more often fail. They have not learned enough or toiled enough, or been ready to face necessary country conditions. When they go back to town they are likely to express their opinion of the country. It is not pleasant talk.

Town dwellers who are critics of the country are too often free boarders there. In the sweet summer time the recently installed city farmers are likely to have as guests, welcome or otherwise, their city friends. Everybody likes the country in the summer and some like it too well. No farm can thrive if it attempts to support, gratis, a

houseful of city people. The city man is not likely to be called on to return the courtesy, as the farmer is bound to the wheel. Morning and evening his cows and other stock require attention, so that even in winter he cannot leave. The careful farmer does not like to turn over his stock, especially his cows, to the tender mercies of a temporary caretaker. Cows are especially sensitive to gentle treatment and must be milked by gentle and thorough men.

Another frequent cause of failure on the farm is visiting market too often. There are those who set out for town as soon as they have a dozen eggs. If a manufacturing business were carried on with the workman at his bench a part of the time, failure would be certain. Since prohibition, there is less to bring back from town, and the load keeps the road better, if the driver agrees with the spirit of the country. The number of hours the farmer averages on his acres are the best test of his success as a farmer. The second test is his selling ability. Usually the buyer of standard goods comes to the farm.

The will to win in war or peace is the price of victory, but the man who carries on farming as an avocation is supposed to put more into the farm than he takes out. The countryside is today largely in debt for city money that has gone lavishly into embellishing it.

A certain consequence is that in process of time—it may require a hundred years—the country will grow beautiful in culture features; as beautiful perhaps as England, though that is a daring hope.

In some particulars we may easily surpass England; as in the breadth of our approaches, the beauty of our cities, the wealth of our building materials, the more easily feasible sanitary features, owing to the better drainage of our lands, and the freedom from many trammeling conditions and customs—old ways that no longer have anything to commend them.

Our principal advantage is that we are ready to do with mechanism

what the English farmer requires several men to accomplish, though England is awaking rapidly since the war, and its consequent shortage of farm labor.

We have seen the position thoughtfully maintained that in the end the prohibitory cost of farm labor in America will eventually prove beneficial. The conditions require new methods, and what can't be done in the old way can at length be done in a better way.

What farmer today, for instance, would think of getting on without a tractor or without some other mechanism which he can exchange for the use of a tractor? Every farm once required a number of mowers, reapers, and hoers, where none are wanted now. Similarly, pitching hay, dressing the land, and many other operations now dispense with all or most of the "hands" once required.

Of course, the chief American danger is in overdoing this thing; as in an automobile they even give us a clock, always wrong, and in our offices another clock, wrong without frequent setting, both run by electricity and far more quickly attended by hand. So the farmer must consider whether a mechanism in use only one or two days in a year can earn the interest on its cost, and still more important, on the cost of housing it. Association of ownership is the usual solution.

But if the farmer is to turn mechanic he will fail unless he cares for his mechanism. Failure on the farm may arise from too much ambition or from too little. He who determined to build the largest barn in the state built it, indeed, but lost the land and the barn also later on. The discouraged soul who cannot see the advantage of improvements also suffers from the handicap of cold buildings; poor stock, which is a liability; unprotected property; corn and wheat that will not grade and a multitude of other handicaps.

A man will live longer with small effort in the country than in town, but he will merely exist. There is a class who dislike to move on or to

UNDER THE MONTOUR FALLS

LAKE LAUDERDALE

OTSEGO LAKE

DOWNSTREAM—WARRENSBURG

A LITTLE MOUNTAIN FALL

SURPRISE

PALMAGHATT

ANDRE MONUMENT — TARRYTOWN

THROUGH THE VEIL

A NEW YORK GLEN

GRANTON MEADOWS

CHESTERTOWN LEDGES

RAMAPO REFLECTIONS

SENECA LAKE

THE RAMAPO

take orders, who retreat to their remote and uncared for acres, raising just enough food to keep alive and cutting just so much wood as will prevent freezing, and producing just sufficient poultry or apples to pay the taxes and buy the blue jeans.

How about those jeans? They have been made a joke, but the farmer would be a fool to wear anything else in the summer on the land. Does anyone ridicule a mechanic because he fails to wear a Tuxedo and fashionable trousers at his forge or bench? The farmer will have the good sense to continue to wear what fits his work. He will be found at conventional places in proper conventional garb.

There is in this world, probably, no more complete ass than he who ridicules the farmer's dress and speech and walk. The peculiar gait of a farmer is the result of the kind of land he walks on. The sidewalk loafer would be obliged to assume the same gait were he to follow the farmer on his own land. Understanding of one another in this great republic will breed respect all around. No one wholly deserves contempt, though some seem to invite it.

The fact that the farmer is on his land means, if we stop to think, a remarkable succession. If the farmer's father was also a farmer, it is probable that since man awakened from the sod, all his ancestors have been farmers. It is difficult to remember that only a few generations lead us to the time when practically every man was a husbandman.

The Germans who invaded Gaul had in their own country of origin practically no cities. Agriculture was not only the first, but until recently, the usual occupation even of civilized man. Now we require only one farmer for two or three other citizens. This amazing change is due to mechanics, and it is a gain. It means that the farm formerly requiring three men can now produce with one man all that the three need, and the other two may build or weave or write or, possibly, think. This is the very highest proof of progress.

One may notice some birds that spend all their day eating. The finding of food for all by one for three, or even four of us allows civilization to leap forward with wonderful seven-league strides. Had Lindbergh been required to milk, or Columbus to put out the cat, where would navigation and avigation (yes, they say that now) be?

Yet we understand that Lindbergh knows how to milk, and it would be great folly to presume that because one farmer is enough to feed several of us, we do not require the farmer. The fewer farmers there are, the more we must take off our hats to them because, if they strike, the blow will be fatal to us all. Any help that can be given them ought to be given. Perhaps certain sorts of help will ruin them and us—we are all one body. Prosperity cannot remain with us unless it is to remain with them. Anything we do for them that slackens their efforts will be worse than nothing, and if we discourage their continuance in well-doing that will be a calamity.

Notoriously facts are hard to arrive at, statistics are a stumbling block, and generalizations often mislead; but a continual and growing murmur all over the land that living conditions are very hard in the country may force the conclusion that there is cause for the complaint. Yet we can diagnose a good many diseases that we cannot cure, and it will be more than a common quack can do, to recover buoyancy to the farming interest.

It is curious how one good crop, sold at a good price, has more than once changed the national outlook and swung the political pendulum through its entire arc. It is lately mentioned that the relatively decreasing number of farmers is weakening their political interest. The remainder of the people can outvote the farmer, and every year for some time the political influence of the farmer must decrease. Formerly, it was only necessary for the politician to please the farmer; it will be a sad day if the farmer must come to please the politician. When the

farmers had it all their own way they did not ask any favors, or more correctly, they did not enact legislation which applied particularly to their body; now that they are in the minority they ask—some of them—for such legislation.

If we can only learn what proportion of them ask these favors our action can be more intelligent. Is it not entirely possible that the Eastern farmers want something that the Western farmers do not? A farmer in New York may not desire money from the government to assist in the marketing of his crops. If, then, it is found that the Eastern farmer stands with the non-farmers of the country the face of the question becomes local.

It will probably require more wisdom than our national legislature possesses, or will possess for some time, to "come to the assistance of the farmers" so as not to do much harm to them and to us. Everyone may be ready enough to grant that the farmer should receive more than he does for his labor. In any case it would appear, not that the middleman or even the common carrier gets too much, but that the final passing on to the consumer is too expensive. In many sorts of merchandise the merchant claims that to make a fair profit he must sell goods for a hundred per cent advance. He is probably correct as to some sorts of goods. The merchant's competition is keen, and his advertising bills immense. The methods of merchandising are, however, possibly wrong, as when my lady has heavy goods transported to her home and sends them back after using, claiming that they are not what she wanted.

The probable dictum will be that staple and necessary merchandise should be handled at a lower per cent of profit than the semi-necessary or luxurious merchandise. The price of an apple on the stand, in spite of its liability to spoil, ought not to be ten times its value on the tree. This ratio is not unusual, but that fact does not make it any more just.

It is undoubtedly true that the weak point is the marketing—that is where the improvement must come; and if it turns some merchants into another channel of business, that is only a repetition of what has happened to the farmer.

The farmers who have established roadside markets have not made prices below those of the city merchants. Of course there are exceptions, but ordinarily produce can be bought in a large city market below the roadside price. We are not saying that this is wrong; we are simply stating the facts. Many persons would prefer to buy of the farmer, even at a little higher price than in town; but if, as sometimes happens, the roadside product has been bought at the city market, the farmer has put himself in danger of losing the confidence of the public. Of course such country markets are only temporary. When the snows come, they end. The consumer then goes back to his former produce dealer, who will not charge him any less for his neglect.

Direct sales in some instances work well, but those engaged in selling anything whatever will be unanimous in the verdict that it is generally impossible to sell what the customer does not want. Little by little this great matter must be worked out. New conditions require much adjustment. With the best will in the world on all hands we shall make many mistakes, some of which will look very silly to the next generation.

A bearing of the whole question on the life of the country districts, and on their æsthetic side particularly, is that country thrift invariably results in increased attractiveness of the countryside. No poverty-stricken farmers will beautify their homesteads and their roadsides. Even were they to beautify them, what would it mean to pass through good roadsides unless the fields back of them warranted the brave show in front? The country must be prosperous or it will not be beautiful.

A competence will mean a desire to build better houses, have finer grounds and, in general, to establish that air of content which generations of steady progress have given to many country districts in New York and Pennsylvania.

Not that the means of culture and beauty are generally used satisfactorily. Indeed, the new rich person generally builds a monument of his own lack of knowledge and taste. It is a facile, though fallacious conclusion, that since one has had the capacity to get means together, he is capable of spending it wisely. Probably fifty can make money to one who knows how to use it. A little journey in any county in New York or any other state will bring the traveler to more than one barbarous construction and misuse of good materials. What a disgrace to torture honest wood and stone into such forms!

The only remedy is æsthetic education, not always that which comes through lectures at the woman's club. A crusade on the religious obligation of spending beautifully is in order in America, where more money and less taste have been combined than can be found anywhere else, in any period.

Where in touring through France do you see a bad farmhouse? I doubt if one exists. Certainly they are not in evidence. If you come to one in three that is fair in America, or one in twenty that is fine, you are fortunate. Plenty of money in evidence, much of it better spared, and dwellings that would be better if nine-tenths of their decorations were cut off.

They now have art commissions, rather late in the day to be sure, on the designs of public buildings. The Constitution, however, does not prevent a man who wishes to make a fool of himself from putting up any sort of dwelling in the country that his ignorant fancy suggests. In town, certain fire laws are in force; possibly their extension would help.

THE CAMPING TOUR

THE camping tour through rural sections of mountainous country brings one to the important correction by contact with Mother Nature, necessary to sanity.

New York state offers charming spots for the camper—mountain and lakeside, woodland and stream in endless variety lure him on. He may put up his tent by the side of a stream and be lulled to sleep by the music of the waters, whose keys are the pebbles over which it plays.

In an orchard away from the noise of traffic, where the chirp of the cricket and the song of the veery are the only sounds, what restoration is found! By some lake that mirrors the stars, and whose waters lap the shore, what memories are stored up for winter's use!

As the day wanes the camping tourist begins to look along the wayside for a woodland road or the sign of an attractive camp with lights and water, and the luxury of a shower bath. With tables and seats under orchard trees, and stone fireplaces to broil steak and bake potatoes, no tonic is needed to whet the appetite. Even a rainy night or a chance shower has its thrills; and if the weight of the water on the tent has loosened the stakes till it is ready to collapse it is all a part of the game.

The problem in a camping tour is to take the necessary equipment for comfort and stow it without making the car look like an old-time peddler's cart. We see cars loaded high with bedding; the cot, legs up on top and the washtub hung on.

A party that has made many successful trips carries an umbrella tent in a compact roll on one running board; on the other and far enough in front not to interfere with opening the rear door, a black food box, fitted with shelves; and on the rear bumper a roll of heavy blankets in a waterproof cover. The personal baggage should be light and so stowed that the party is not crowded. Finally, and most important,

every member should be ready to help, to enter into the plans with enthusiasm, and take lightly whatever difficulties arise!

The party mentioned recalls a tour through New York which left a pleasant memory. Starting from eastern Massachusetts, they entered New York via the Mohawk Trail and followed the upper Hudson on the afternoon of a perfect day in June. The route passed through Troy and the first night was spent in an orchard south of Saratoga Springs. The next day a stop was made at the Springs. A day of charm is recalled, touring north from Ticonderoga; along Lake George and Lake Champlain, with views of near mountains on the left and distant ones across the lake on the right; then a night by a murmuring stream at Upper Jay, most delightful of mountain towns.

Next day, on to Ausable Chasm, Plattsburg, Chazy, Rouse's Point and into Canada.

The pleasing feature of the camp is its democracy. It proves the good fellowship of the famous "average man." He is a rather decent sort of fellow. Camping tours make travel inexpensive—rather more economical, in fact, than staying at home.

The Ramapo. This fall and the rapids below it, should be sequestered by the state, since its beauty is now unprotected. For a minor fall it is not surpassed in charm anywhere. One must cross a railway to reach it. A swing bridge for foot passengers crosses just below. The main highway in the region of Suffern is unsightly from neglect. The fine estates there and at Tuxedo are properly enough secluded; but one would think that the number, wealth and influence of the estate owners would be directed to clean up the roadsides, since they are very offensive with shacks and wrecks. The delight of a country place consists largely in the pleasing character of the roads which lead to it. That is one of the serious matters for the consideration of the whole

[*Text continued on page* 241.]

NEW YORK BEAUTIFUL

O land of mountains and of many waters,
Of woodland hills and wide and fertile vales,
The forest voices call thy sons and daughters
To cougar-creeping haunts and mountain trails.
O land of rod and reel, with rivers streaming,
And glorious reflecting lakes a-dream,
And cataracts and brooks forever singing
Thy grandeur and thy loveliness supreme!

Niagara, magnificently plunging,
A mighty mile of opalescent cloud;
The falls of Trenton and Ticonderoga,
And noble rivers, flowing deep and proud;
The Hudson, beautiful among the highlands,
Majestically winding to the sea;
The Indian-haunted lakes, long jewelled fingers
That beckon luringly from hill and lea!

That hinterland, the Long House of Six Nations,
The Mohawk Valley and the Genesee,
Whose peaceful, shady villages lie drowsing
Where once the Red-skin built his low tepee;
Trails of the Adirondacks and the Catskills,
From heaven-kissing peaks to grassy glades;
Great Highlands of the Hudson, rolling seaward
To join the splendor of the Palisades!

The City Beautiful—seductive, dazzling!
At night she fastens jewels in her hair;
And to her feet, draws lovers from all nations;
A joy-mad sylph is she, without a care.
From morning mist she rises fair and slender
Above her burden of humanity,
Her great heart throbbing with the zest of living;
Her yearning spirit, restless as the sea.

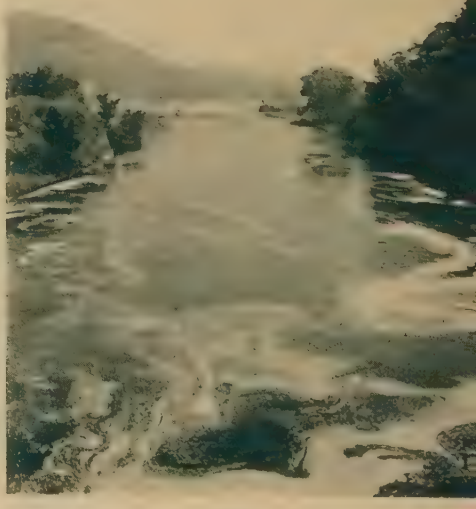
—Mildred Hobbs.

A DELAWARE BACKWATER

THE HEAD OF THE CLASS

FLOWERS IN THE CRANNIED WALL—LAKE MOHO

OVER THE LEDGES



ULSTER COUNTY STREAM

GREENBUSH

OLD DUTCH CHURCH—TARRYTOWN

A WESTCHESTER STREAM

SARATOGA DRIVE

A CORNWALL POOL

GLENN-SANDER'S HOUSE—SCOTIA

ELM, MOUNTAIN AND BROOK—BERLIN

LIGHT PLAY—CATSKILLS

SUMMER ON THE HUDSON

BEAR MOUNTAIN BRIDGE—FROM THE WEST SIDE

THE LITTLE DELAWARE

CROTON—NEW YORK

Ramapo region. It has a very unpleasing approach. Persons sensitive to such matters will shrink from going daily through purgatory for the sake of reaching heaven. Personally, I would not accept as a gift the finest place in the Ramapo hills because of the distressing scenes one must pass on the way.

The Mouth of the Glen is that at Watkins. To my thought the amphitheater is finer than the narrow water-worn cut, somewhat gruesome, although remarkable, through which visitors walk. The dark and narrow walls of rock are Dantesque, like an approach to the Inferno, though with more water in evidence. The path is cunningly arranged to give the finest and most startling effects, as one comes out of miniature tunnels on a dashing cascade.

The Glen-Sanders house at Scotia is one of the earliest and best in the whole state. Much romance and history is connected with the dwelling, which is just outside Schenectady. Report goes that it has been acquired by the state. The dining room is beamed in a remarkable fashion, with heavy, closely ranked, one-way timbers. The sash of this dwelling are five in width, as appears, a very rare feature. The old porch is strong in its Dutch suggestion; the door of the house proper being in two parts, the upper of which shows sash.

A story is told about a nick in the banister rail just inside the door. It is said that in the colonial days an Indian, during an attack, threw a tomahawk at the young matron of that day, who was running upstairs with her infant in her arms. The hurtling weapon missed its intended aim but caught on the stair and cut out a gouge that now appears. I know no reason to doubt this tale, but the odd circumstance is that a similar story has been told me recently of an entirely different dwelling, where the corroborative nick is also pointed out. Evidently it was too good a story to restrict to one place, so it has been passed around.

The stately appearance of this dwelling and its beautiful location on

the banks of the Mohawk place it in the highest rank among ancient American houses. The family which retained it so many years was notable in public affairs for a century before the revolution, and vast quantities of historical letters, enough to reconstruct a history of New York, were stored in the garret. They tell of a matron of the nineteenth century who cared little for such things, and who gave a junk man a load of old letters which were sold for some thousands of dollars. The report is that when this fact was related to the comfortable matron, she said, "never mind, there are loads more in the attic." The last curious tale about the dwelling, which had extensive slave quarters, still shown, is that the Mohawk washed its alluvial banks to such an extent that the dwelling, which stood on the other side of the river, was taken down and reërected on the site it now occupies.

Sycamore and Elm, on the east bank of the Delaware, the picture which has been chosen to reproduce in color as the frontispiece, is the kind of scene appealing beyond most, because it calls loudly to the fisherman to rest and ruminate. Izaak Walton would have reveled in such environment, for, sooth to say, there are seldom such small watersides in England, compared with their infinite variety in America.

The contrasted beauties of elm and sycamore render each more effective. The sycamore, to one familiar with its beautiful wood, is a jewel among trees, because every part of it is excellent. The shapes of the limbs suggest gnarled power, the huge leaves are effective for decoration in a broad way, and the bark is marvelous for color and texture. It is a tree almost alone in its many excellencies. It marks a thousand streams in New York, and, wherever it grows, redeems the scene from mediocrity.

The name buttonwood more distinctly designates the sycamore, for even the balls which are its seeds add to its interest. Strangely, I have never seen a plantation of buttonwoods. It is somewhat surprising, since

the timber is valuable commercially, being almost equal to satinwood in beauty.

Americans are too prosperous to study the opportunities at their doors. On a farm that comes to mind there is a natural cluster of buttonwoods, about seventy, by a stream, on a plot of ground given up as waste land. There is room for seven thousand such trees—or a fortune—in that plot.

As the tree for the decoration of a dwelling, the buttonwood is surpassingly good. I recall three dwellings made distinguished by single buttonwoods at each. Their vast size, reaching over the house-tops, provides a subject for the most ambitious artist.

The Old Dutch Church at Tarrytown, of the beautiful soft tint shown on ledge-washed stone, so warm and homelike, may serve as one of the hundred quaint churches of the state to indicate the love of the early settlers for good form.

The Greeting, Hudson, N. Y. The revived Gothic of 1830 is, of course, not worthy of the name, if for no other reason than that it sought to do in wood, and poorly at that, what was formerly done in stone. Nevertheless there is a certain curious interest in dwellings such as these. The Friends in their characteristic costume are at the door. The borders of the Hudson only rarely show the earlier Dutch house.

The Croton. While this river is known chiefly as the beneficent source of New York's water supply, it is also one of the fairest of streams. Some miles below the reservoirs occur these delightfully purling rapids, bordered on both sides by attractive trees. The drive by the bank on the left is one of the sweetest retreats in the entire state.

Seneca Lake, through blossoms, is a characteristic scene. There must be hundreds of viewpoints like this about the Finger Lakes. In almost every case the drop to the lakes on the southern end is somewhat abrupt, but always cultivated and covered with trees to the very margin. Either

in the blossom season or in autumn the outlooks are wonderful, but probably the spring is better.

Woodland Lake, one of the most winning and sweet of the small lakes in New York, seems to have been abandoned for more fashionable resorts. Yet it was once appreciated at its full worth. The cart path on its western shore is bordered by noble trees, and, in quiet afternoon, the entire setting is too beautiful for words.

THE OLD TOP BUGGY

ON a crossroad of New York, the motor met, one day, the Old Top Buggy, occupied by the Old Folks. Father and Mother they were—he, bewhiskered, white headed, seamed as by the glacier drive of eighty winters and their answering summers; she with an apparent wrinkle on her face for every loaf of bread she had ever made, every pan of milk she had skimmed and every stick she had placed in the stove. But the old people were still as straight as the pines back of their homestead. An air of facing and wrestling with the world pervaded both their countenances. They pulled aside patiently for the machine to pass; albeit there was a somewhat dazed expression as if the meaning of modern changes was past finding out. Back of their faces you could see strong signs of stability and a confidence that somehow they would get through, following the old fundamental ideas, being true blue, diligent, meeting the world with whatever equipment they had. A strange world would have flooded about them but they kept on "a-keepin' on." The cows still gave a good mess of milk, the bell-wether yielded a heavy fleece, the potatoes filled the bin, and the corn was yellow in the crib every fall. Seedtime and harvest did not cease.

The stars followed their courses and true religion undefiled yet animated the aged couple.

John and Mary, William and Jane had gone out and entered into the buzzing, whirling world; had grappled with the new aspect of things; but here Father and Mother jogged along in the Old Top Buggy, his side a little saggy, the top somewhat floppy, wheels rattling slightly, but still rolling along. Varnish was absent, but it had been well washed down at the brook. The old mare went faster than a walk—a sedate trot. Harness, not sparkling with brass, and here and there a solid splice showing, yet, all in all, a going concern; Father, Mother, the old nag, and the Old Top Buggy. Once it was a courting buggy, hustling to parties or to market, the proper prideful conveyance. It had gone for the doctor when the neighbors were sick. They are moving along, the dear old people. Getting home, they will stir up the fire and have tea, hot biscuit and preserves. The waning evening will hover down, the woodland grow dark, the night breeze whisper. Close up the old house, wind the tall clock and the turnip watch. Not so much behind the times, Mother, but that we are glad of you and need you. Not off the world map yet. Still something we may anchor to, under the little gable at the foot of the hill. Something steadfast here, under the stars. True blue, diligent, facing the world, facing the stars and what lies beyond the stars. Let the Old Top Buggy carry them on—never funny; never without some dignity; more than a memory; something to go on yet. Among the beautiful sights in old New York state, the buggy and its occupants are not the least.

ROADS AND SCENES

THE main through road is for one purpose—to arrive as directly as possible. Everything must be subordinated to that purpose. Down must come some noble trees, the graceful curves must be straightened, even the hills and hollows must be ironed out. Since there is no help for it, repinings are silly. What then? Is it possible to preserve attractiveness to roads thus changed to meet modern conditions?

All roads can be made beautiful. The long curve is as graceful as the short one. Some sweeping, gradual grades are necessary and may become fine in effect. The bridges of new roads are unquestionably on better lines than the old. The roadsides may be planted with trees to give very excellent settings.

The outcry against new roads is not based on far vision. The stimulus their making gives to the householders by the roadside is powerful. A recent new cut-off of a mile or two in length resulted in the furbishing up of more than half the properties along the road. Grades were made about the dwellings, shrubbery set, walks constructed, needed repairs carried out and a general air of prosperity given to the district. A new road affords just the encouragement needed by many hesitant men.

The roads are responsible for far more extensive work than that involved in their building. Improvements are as contagious as measles. The pessimist forgets that good suggestions are even more stimulating than evil. One charming cottage with cozy grounds may delight generations of persons who pass by.

The road certainly acquires a mellowed attraction through age, but needs only a year or two for shrubbery to spring up. A little coaxing

of natural beauty has already rendered many of our new thoroughfares delightful for miles on end.

The most serious evil of new roads is the cutting of trees, but sometimes a new and better tree border is uncovered by the changed line of the roads. The next and most easily overcome unsightliness of new roads is caused by the raw cuts of the grades. This difficulty is rapidly remedied by softening the steepness of the banks and by plantations adapted to coarse gravel, and should be given attention by the state at the time the road is made. Individual property holders should not be expected to adapt the roadsides to the road, in any case, and in some districts roads run through regions remote from habitations. It is also for the interest of the state to improve such roadsides to prevent washing down of banks.

There will still, to the end of time, be enough narrow byways to feed to the full the taste for rambling crowdedness. The fine ramps, the long reaches of the new roads are exhilarating to the traveler. They stir him to the possibility of combing out the old earth and making something worth while of it.

In time most improved roads will be of cement. The tarred road is dangerous when wet, which is no small part of the time, and when it begins to break up the sharp edges of the holes make the worst roads in the world. Probably nothing should be used except a good gravel road or a cement road. The gravel is very easily kept in repair by a rapidly moving road machine, and a good gravel road, occasionally, is the safest, most comfortable, possible.

The time has come to forbid, imperatively, the patching up of any road with turf and loam. The inveterate habit of doing this, reinforced by the desire of the back-road dweller to work out his tax by such wretched repairs, is hard to overcome. Of course the folly has always

been obvious of adding loam that will be washed by the first rain. To think that sixty years ago that process practically covered all road "building."

THE FARM ANIMALS

AS the diversity of landscape forms contributes to the attraction of the countryside, so the diversity of the farm animals completes that attraction. Economic forces will sometime help the farmer to grow wool. There is nothing that can take the place of the charm of a flock of sheep in a landscape. They seem incapable of disposing their positions in a pasture otherwise than gracefully. In the coolness of morning, they scatter widely over ledges or knolls and group themselves artistically. The lambs, with the comical leggishness of early infancy, or the incomparable grace of six weeks old, play about their sedate mothers.

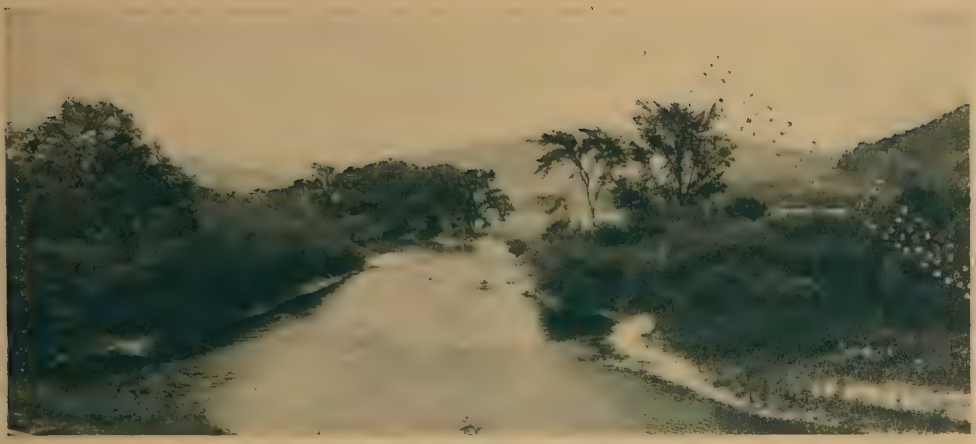
Lambs, in all generations, have supplied poetry, fable and parable with illustrations without end. Literature would be impoverished were references to flocks taken out of it. The finest religious similes of all time—in the Old Testament as the Twenty-Third Psalm, and in the New Testament in the parable of the Good Shepherd—have their undying hold on the heart of every generation, and are, perhaps, responsible for finer and wider uplifts of the human spirit than all other outdoor similes combined. To lose the flock from the farm is to take away at once half of its attraction and a great part of its practical advantage. There is something in a small flock of sheep, like a talisman, to touch the springs of much that is best in human nature. The lambs are appealing to the mother sense. A cosset lamb has made many a child happy. A lamb is better than a doll, more appealing, more stimulating, more conducive to health, activity and education.

It would almost seem that a very bad man could not succeed with

THE BACK RIVER—CASTLETON

A QUIET HOUR—JAY-KEEN ROAD

HEBRON HILLS



THE WESTERN DELAWARE

AN INDOLENT CREEK

AN ADIRONDACK COVE

MAPLES ON THE DELAWARE—EAST BRANCH

HERRINGBONE STONE HOUSE—RIDGE ROAD

LAKE PLACID

HEIFERS BY THE STREAM

THE UPPER DELAWARE

SOUTH COVE—SKANEATELES

AN ALLEGHANY COUNTY STREAM

MIDDLETOWN IN MAY

FOLLOWING THE STREAM

THE DELAWARE VALLEY

A FINGER LAKE STREAM

sheep. A certain quiet gentleness, a protective spirit, is nurtured in the sheep raiser. It is almost safe to say that the redemption of agriculture in New York from the humdrum and the unprofitable will occur through a vigorous general impetus to restore the flock and abolish the wandering dog—its curse.

Sheep about a farm building set every mind into a general strain. We are one with the first humans when we surround ourselves with a flock. Whatever the ephemeral fashion may be, nothing ever has, nothing will be found to take the place of wool. In hot or cold climes its protecting, soothing quality is equally valuable. And the sheep themselves thrive from Egypt to Scotland, in hot, cold, wet or dry latitudes. They have followed man everywhere, and always are beneficent, beautiful, making poets of every farmer.

That sweet poetess who lost her cares "among the lambs at play" was one of a myriad of distracted women of all ages who have been amused, soothed and taught blessed forgetfulness by the appeal of lambs begging for a handful of grain.

CALVES IN THE MEADOW

WHAT small boy ever lived, or child of a larger growth, for that matter, who has not stopped and laughed and yearned over a half-dozen calves in their little pasture? Their curiosity, their beauty, their irresistible animal spirits are enough to bring a smile to the face of a bankrupt or an invalid. They are always hungry, and eager for the milk you bring. Their gambols are the most ludicrous possible. Tamer than sheep, they will make friends at once, responding to the first overture.

Between the lambs, the calves, and the little fluffy tufts which we

call chickens, the young life of the country is rejuvenating to our spirits. Nobody really counts if he allows his mind to grow old. A man is as old as he thinks. Leaping, playful, hopeful, youthful thoughts may continue to inhabit any mind and keep it buoyant and susceptible to change and growth, able to recognize and enjoy this pleasing world. The young life of animals, with the growing of young gardens, gives to a well-ordered homestead a pulsing cheerfulness unknown between walls of brick and stone.

THE FENCES OF NEW YORK

THE unwonted traveler will be astonished to find how many, many miles of zigzag in Virginia rail fence there are still in New York. Not only in the remoter district but even on the better mid-state farmlands this curious, picturesque fence is seen running over the knolls of pastures or bordering woodlands. It was so easy in early days to lay the split rails, with Lincoln, using no tool but the ax, that we can well comprehend the quite general use of the zigzag fence, though anyone should call this, angular construction. A "snake fence" is one of the name mysteries with which language teems. A remarkable advantage of the fence was that it could be laid on frozen ground, but its chief merit was that once the need of a fence at that particular clearing was passed, it was easy for man or boy to move the rails to a new location. It was emphatically a fence that could be laid by a boy, if the rails were furnished, as well as by a man.

But to the housewife or the seeker for decoration, what unnumbered possibilities lay in the angles of such fences! There the blackberry and raspberry loved to grow, there the elderberry displayed its showy blossoms and still more showy fruit, there the sumac bush dropped its rich

red conical clusters, and woodbine, ivy, and mantling clematis festooned the angle of the rails. What playhouses were built under the arches of the vines and what designs were laid for towers that pierced the sky!

For primitive suggestion and eternal charm, no fence can equal this; but the tidy and frugal farmer soon swept it away and replaced it by the straight trim fence of post and rail, a tedious but lasting construction. On the sunny side of an open shed in winter, the boys as well as their fathers prepared the half-round posts and bored and shaped their holes. Thus the winter days made ready for spring. This is the only sort of fence the cartoonist knows. The great labor involved in building it has mostly banished it from our roadsides. Probably no picture is more pleasing to the mind than an orderly post and rail fence on either side of a highway. It is almost an art setting without any further adjunct. Especially in autumn when every post is crowned with a red-brown ivy vine, the way into the deep, deep country is made alluring enough to lead us on to the world's end.

The fence of similar rails, held together by a pair of light stakes coupled under each rail by withes, served as a quicker substitute for the post and rail. When one end of a rail is laid on the ground and the other end held up by the crotch of two crossed stakes, a simple scheme repeated all day long, an active man would leave a long stretch of fence at night as the evidence of his handiwork, especially if he were building through woodland where materials were plenty. The ax cut rail and split it, cut and pointed the stake, and the ax back drove it, until the ax man could handle this nearly universal tool with a knack and rapidity almost miraculous.

A board fence meant mill work, nails, rust, and little of the permanent or picturesque. A picket fence was supposedly and really ornamental and formidable to surmount. For a perfect country picture nothing can equal the gray, lichened, old picket made up into a frame. The

dwellings were commonly surrounded by a picket fence nailed to an upper and lower rail between posts; and, sometimes, with no resort to the saw mill, the pickets were made of young straight pasture cedars.

The stone fence of New York, on farms, appears only where conditions resembled those of New England, and the fields were covered with small rounded boulders. The fence was made partly to get rid of the stones. When built double it was a veritable gourmand of materials and became a stable structure; laid, a generation ago, at a dollar a rod! The roughly shaped or squared fences laid in mortar are a rich man's fad. They never existed on the farm.

No notice of fences could be complete without recording a really beautiful stump fence. Ordinarily, a stump fence is perhaps the most uncouth nightmare, but in this case the builder had carefully lopped off the straggly upper roots and had achieved a straight line on top. The odd twists and turns of the roots thus brought to fill in remaining spaces achieved a notably handsome fence, very durable, and when decorated and softened by vines here and there, a signal success.

The fence of barbed wire is a monstrous thing fit for fiends; in some regions forbidden by law. No fence of metal can be pleasing except those about estates, where rich design is feasible.

BEFORE EVERYTHING ELSE

WHAT human creation preceded everything else? A place to call home. To the end of time, the dwelling made into a home will challenge the skill of men to reach a perfection of structure not yet attained—and a home so made possible will continue to be the fountain of all permanence in the state. Not to study beauty in the home is unnecessary obtuseness.

Perhaps a reason why boys and girls leave home is that there is nothing about home to hold them. That solid setting of a good old house among its trees and walls; that atmosphere about a dwelling which impresses dignity, a sweet appropriateness, a fixed purpose to abide in and to cherish the home—these are the elements scarce found at all in many dwellings.

If you would startle yourself, rack your brain to recollect a single house that stands for all the elements just mentioned. In a center of thirty thousand persons, I think of one dwelling which by its solid materials and its setting would seem to afford a nucleus for what would make the dwelling a worthy abode; but within that house the charming old backgrounds have been removed and a glossy unusable newness substituted. Objects have an imported look, as if they did not feel at home. Unused and impracticable fireplaces strike a major inharmonious note. Bizarre, incongruous furniture, which can give no excuse for its presence or placing, contribute to the poor general effect. Lack of harmony, lack of pleasing suggestion, prevail. The chairs cannot explain themselves. They look disconsolate. The great cabinet pieces say movingly, "Here we are; we look awkward, we feel lonely, nobody uses us, or uses us as we were never designed to be used. We answer, 'present' to the roll call, but we are not in our own company. We are sad monuments of the lost brigade."

It is true that no one person can see the inside of more than a few thousand dwellings, but in a somewhat changeful life I recall no interior that was satisfactory. In the great city of Seattle, I never saw a home setting within thousands of miles of being right. I entered more than one millionaire's dwelling, and the richest owner had the least attractive residence.

A shrinelike home where love and knowledge dwell, where taste founded on wisdom reigns, where everything has a significance and it

seems that nothing should be otherwise—such a home is the finest outward ideal of man. Such a home might nourish patriotism, reverence and all the virtues. Such a home is fitted to make men great, to stimulate the poetic faculty, to encourage worthwhile undertakings. Such a home breeds a fine sense of the possibilities in human nature. Such a home ties a good past to a radiating present, a present from which this foundation may reach up to those achievements which link house with house and articulate an ideal society fit to last and able to provide for its perpetual reproduction.

THE FUTURE OF RURAL NEW YORK

PESSIMISM is based, too often, on narrow views. If the rural districts are going to the dogs, it is well we should know it and get away from them in time. If rural districts are about to become more populous, valuable and attractive, we ought to know about it. In this matter there is no stock exchange gauge, and no paid prophet to tell us about the future; but a few broad considerations are worth looking at.

The population of the world is increasing. Modern methods of dealing with disease make it probable that the world's population will double in a short time. The coming millions must eat and must have homes. The waste lands of the world are being taken up so that in regions favorable to white civilization there is no new empire to be built out of a desert. The very growth of the cities must cause development in the country, when the balance becomes even.

Though a distinguished Frenchman has said that he sees no prospect that mankind will become rational, we may hazard the opinion that if we are to remain on the earth as a conquering race, we shall grow rational to some degree. When we do so the advantages of rural life for chil-

dren will be seen as an indubitable sign-post to lead the rational people into the country. Communication in the country is now about equal to that in the city, through the aid of telephone, radio, motor and new roads.

Consolidated country schools permit a grading system, and pupils have a more healthful environment for study. Scientific development will find values in many materials found in the country, and none are counted waste. If, indeed, the city should continue to be an attraction, financial success there sends the successful back to the country for half of the year, and develops the country.

The attractive, available lands of America are now in the East. A smaller expenditure here will achieve relatively more than in the West. The endless toil of providing buildings and fences is here largely done, and the nearness to old centers of culture is an advantage.

The population of rural New York is more generally old American stock than in the West. As a consequence, a settler in York State finds himself with neighbors of his own sort, and of similar ambitions and cultural backgrounds.

Perhaps no one of the particulars mentioned is sufficient to show that the rural districts will come back into the full success of American life; but the accumulation of reasons makes, perhaps, a powerful argument for the rural East.

THE PEOPLE OF RURAL NEW YORK

HISTORICALLY, the first in order were the Dutch settlers. Their characteristics have remained notably stable. Their first love is for the home, as still shown in the persistence of their ownership of the home acres; but they strangely forsook the typical Dutch house,

[*Text continued on page 273.*]

LITTLE RIVERS

Tinkling rills of the hills,
Rippling down the trails,
From the crags of mountain-tops
Into wooded dales,

Joining brooks in lily nooks
Flashing foamy white,
Purling round the stony pools
In a wild delight!

On-swirling, upward-curling,
Plumed with tossing spray,
Dancing, teasing, frolicking,
And wandering away

Into streams deep in dreams,
Curved in slender grace,
Shadow-flecked and glimmering
In veils of leafy lace!

Thus the waters, sparkling, darkling,
Like our myriad lives—
Brooks a-play, streams a-dream,
While the river strives.

Toward the free, unbounded sea
They rush victoriously;
Like human souls, merged into great
Unfathomed unity.

—Mildred Hobbs.

A GREYTOWN MEADOW

THE RIVER'S RETREAT—NEAR WALTON

THE DAIRY HERD—DUTCHESS COUNTY

A COLORED POOL

THE CROTON BROADS

THE SUSQUEHANNA ELBOW

CROTON LAKE

THROUGH WORCESTER HILLS

STORM KING CLIFF

AT BARNEVELDT

HUDSON RIVER CLIFFS

THE LITTLE SUSQUEHANNA

THE CREEK—NEAR MEXICO

ESOPUS BANKS

LEATHERSTOCKING FALLS

whereas the English in New England clung to an English type developed there.

It is a pity that Dutch houses are so very rare in New York. It is easy to understand why the cities have swept away the old; but even in odd nooks the old Dutch house is gone. The Dutch colonist clung pretty closely to his home acres, and his creature comforts. As among other colonists, some of their descendants seemed to get into a back wash, an eddy among the hills where life moves in a circle rather than in an ascending arc. The finest feature of the Dutch character is its reliability. There is not a shade of radicalism in their natures. They have great weight in giving historical continuity to society, and even where, as usually, they meet and cope with the present age they proceed along those lines which make the family the unit of the municipality.

The English settlers who went up the Hudson met and blended with those who went west overland from New England. There was some settlement in New York from New Jersey, and even from Pennsylvania. The name of the town Penn Yan unites in a humorous way the Pennsylvanian and Yankee (New England) origin of its settlers. There were also Irish and Scotch elements. Altogether a very strong stock developed these acres and for generations "up state" New York has kept the balance against the more mercurial inhabitants of the great metropolis. I refer not so much to the political complexion of "up state" as to the social and financial conservatism which has ever saved the state from dangerous experiments. It will be a sad day when this influence is overcome by the greater numbers in the city.

The patroon system did not give a permanent caste to the economic development of the state as a whole. After a little, most of the great landlords began to sell off their holdings. Their system was essentially aristocratic and they did for some time give a trend to society somewhat like that found in Virginia. But the new world, especially in the north,

was unfavorable to landlordism and the semi-serfdom which inevitably accompanied it. While the great patroons were patriotic leaders, their influence, in its better features, arose out of their democratic espousal of the common cause.

New York, like all the states, was largely settled by the type of man, found in every generation, who was imbued, especially in the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries, with the desire to strike out for himself and get close to the wilderness. The Daniel Boone sort was looking not wholly at the wealth to be acquired by land sales. This man loved the forests, the streams, and largeness of out-of-doors. To him his rifle was more than a scepter. He rather shunned the coming of numerous settlers. He became the father of these wanderers, who, with itching feet, moved on from state to state, as each became too populous. We owe the continental development to them, though this heritage, which they left to their country, was often about all they did leave. Such men would rather sleep under a tree than under a roof. They were the continuation of that pressing-westward sort who, since the days of Cæsar, have kept on until their feet touched Puget Sound or their thirst was quenched in the waters of the Columbia.

Such men are of the highest value in a new country. Bold, steady, content with long watches and hard fare, if their way only be among the tall trees and following the margins of the lakes and streams. They did what no one else could or would do. They blazed the trail, they claimed the inland, and at length the western empire. Calm, solid, confident of their strength and capacity, they proved the bulwark of the state under Jackson at the battle of New Orleans. They saved many an expedition from the fate of Braddock's Army, and would have saved his, had he not despised and flouted them. Initiative and the ability to work alone were theirs by nature—qualities probably more needed than

anything else at present in American life, which has gone back to its monotonous herd instinct.

NEW YORK AS A UNIT

THE state, as a unit, may be considered a concrete expression, so far as the East is concerned, of our national character. Here, literally and abstractly speaking, are stability and sterling worth, wealth, and the charm and comfort that wealth can obtain. Here we find trust in our country and in our fellowmen, that is one of our most typical characteristics.

We are sometimes accused, and rightly so occasionally, of a spirit of bombast. We have a great deal to be proud of, and a worthy feeling of elation is certainly pardonable, if at times rather aggressive. But this spirit is not an American trait. A pride we have in our glorious heritage, and in warm defense of this, we do not err. Are our leaders more demonstrative, or more given to pomp and display, than leaders abroad? Have they been more given to self-glorification? There has scarcely ever been a succession of men who have been so modest and unassuming in the discharge of the high duties appertaining to their lofty offices as our presidents have been—and these were typical Americans.

All nations have their boasts, and the American one has surely no fewer objects to warrant theirs than their old-world brothers. True, he does not possess the music or art, or perhaps the purer taste that older civilizations have evolved, but then, what one country unites all these things in a national temperament? We have a strong business instinct, a constant tendency towards progress, a great faculty for invention, and the facilities and energy to utilize this in the most practical manner.

Development of natural resources and adaptation of all things to aid this development, have produced a state that is the pride of all the other states, and a country that is the envy of the world.

It may be interesting to remember that New York, as the embodiment of much that is glorious, and the hub, as it were, about which the eastern states revolve, is supposed to have been the stimulus that inspired Dvořak, in his wonderful tribute to American music, his "Symphony from the New World." Such an expression from a foreigner, out of sympathy as he was with us at the time of composing, owing to his homesickness, is one that will remain a lasting and beautiful contribution to our national music.

New York, like the other states, possesses little of the mediæval histories, the sequences of personal little anecdotes and incidents, that make European histories so attractive; so human. The foibles, weaknesses, and passions of ancient royalties are nothing to us. We start with a prologue to a history that time will prove the most glorious in the annals of the world, by a relation of the heroic deeds of our pioneer forefathers. Their marks are well in evidence, and are justly treasured.

The histories of the old world are like wonderful intricate little pieces of Chinese filigree; like a lovely piece of tapestry—they are so finished; so complete. Individual effort for centuries, and slow advancement, have left their marks and scrollings upon their pages, and the recording of the acts and laws of ages present that detailed appearance in comparison with which the huge canvas of our national records seem like the mighty spaces used by Angelo; depicting wonderful acts, it is true, but devoid of that fine intimate touch that only time in passing can confer.

It has not the dreamy peace of sunny Italy, the delight of France, the mellow charm of England, but it has its own atmosphere of forcefulness, of unfaltering striving after an ideal, and an unresting spirit that

works till that ideal is realized. It is the Mecca of labor, and to the man who has his aims, it has charms before which all other countries pale. The glowing history of old Nuremberg is not here, nor the rich romance of Spain—for the hankerers after these, there is nothing here. Let them go away.

LOCAL NAMES

PEOPLE record their thoughts, and their history in their place names. James Fenimore Cooper has a fascinating chapter in his *Legends of a Northern County*, on the amusing, sad or piquant (Hell Hill) names found about Cooperstown.

For the most part, we are left to conjecture in tracing the origin of place names, but sometimes they speak for themselves. They were named: from the families who settled there (Herkimer); from the color (Black Mountain); from the difficulty of ascent or descent (Breakneck Hill); from some incident connected with them (Stirrup Brook); from their distance from main centers (Seven-Mile Pond, Halfway Brook); from their characteristics (Stony Brook); from the view (Eagle Hill); from the earlier, or English homes of the settlers, which is perhaps the commonest source. British towns are repeated till one wearies.

The passion for grandeur has named many places, and New York is, *par excellence*, the state for this illustration. Rome, Utica, Mexico, Troy, Syracuse and hundreds of others suggest themselves. This is on the principle that, as names cost nothing, a good high-sounding one may as well be chosen. It is a little startling to come, at evening, on a small rural community and to learn that it is named after Athens or Cairo.

That is better, however, than to give names like Skunk Hollow, as was often done in derision.

The Indian name was often chosen, usually with happy effect, though occasionally one comes on a jaw-cracker like those about the Finger Lakes, or like Canajoharie—if that be Indian. There is often a dignity, a melody, a sense of romance in the Indian name, which was, of course, nearly always bestowed from some national feature or notable event, just as the settlers named Bear Mountain, doubtless, because that beast was encountered there.

Finally, places were named for notable Americans, with the result that Washington alone is repeated so often that it designates nothing unless other information goes with it. The names of Cooper and Irving are preserved in towns named for them.

Troublesome Brook, in Yonkers and Greenburg, was once a nuisance in time of freshet; Sprain Brook, near by, may relate to an accident or a man's name; Spuyten Duyvil may as well remain untranslated.

The name Tarrytown has a pleasant sound and is self-explanatory, being a station for stage travelers on their way north. The town had, of old, a ferry service across the Tappan Zee to Nyack. Even now the traditions of hospitality remain, and one can agreeably pass several days there. A great many have determined to tarry indefinitely, as, for instance, more than one of the Rockefeller families.

What gave its appellation to Buttermilk Hill, near Tarrytown, is a puzzle, though Buttermilk Falls, just south of Ithaca, speaks for itself.

Briarcliff has become a name associated with beautiful farms.

When a matter so easy to obtain as a name can forever throw a touch of romance or a veil of charm over a whole district, it is a burning shame to have branded on places such names as we often find. It is no small matter for several families to hail from Mud Hollow when they might just as well come from Paradise Vale. The recollection is vivid in the

writer's mind of such instances. It required no small genius and learning in a man to escape the joke connected with the town of his origin, particularly as political writers delight in making a mountain from a molehill.

Any new state would find its best investment in a commission consisting of a poet, a historian, and an artist to name every town, stream and mountain; but the western states have not only learned nothing from the past on the matter, they have even done worse, with their You Bets and Death Valleys.

In California there has been an occasional happy thought—though why anybody should want Venice for an open seaside, one wots not. But many of the Spanish names adopted there are excellent.

In New York, Pleasant Valley often recurs, and although it is too obvious as a name, it is something to rejoice in if it delivered its dwellers from a worse one.

Why anybody should be so bereft of vocabulary as to take Rusult for a name is beyond imagination. A little north of it, in Greenville, is the village of Surprise.

Hunger Hill in Guilderland recalls old privations, but Sugar Loaf Hill in Petersburg, and Cranberry Pond, near by, well mixed, might satisfy a reasonable craving, though, if too much were eaten, the traveler might reach Mourning Hill in Ballston.

It is possibly amusing, possibly sad, that in the town of Canaan there is a mountain named Snake Den! This did not scare away the Shakers who settled in the town, and had another mountain named after them. Those pleasant colonies of the Shakers! They were in Lebanon also. Their well-kept farms and tranquil neighborhoods were an early memory. Whatever they made to sell was well made.

Sweet Milk Creek has a good sound but possibly a sinister sugges-

[*Text continued on page* 289.]

THE PEABODY BIRD

Frost-painted forests of the fall
And gusts of wind that blow
The rustling colors from the boughs
To gorgeous heaps below!
And songs of old Sam Peabody
Who hides about the trees
Where high the plaintive bird-notes drift
Above the pungent breeze:
"Old Sam Peabody, Peabody, Peabody,
All day whittling, whittling, whittling!"

The maples flare amid the pines
In gold and scarlet pomp,
And through the russet of the oaks
The breeze-blown squirrels romp,
And great leaves sail like crimson kites
Against the autumn sky,
When suddenly on sighing winds
There comes a mourning cry:
"Old Sam Peabody, Peabody, Peabody,
All day whittling, whittling, whittling!"

Beneath the soughing boughs perhaps
The ghost of ancient Sam
Sits in the cool dusk of the woods
And carves the epigram
Of which his bird has made a song.
Sam must have been a lad
For birds, because these cadences
Ring lonesomely and sad:
"Old Sam Peabody, Peabody, Peabody,
All day whittling, whittling, whittling!"

—Mildred Hobbs.

A LITTLE COTTAGE BY THE DAM—WHALLONSBURGH

A WORCESTER BYWAY

MOUNT TREMPER

WALNUT BANKS—CHENANGO RIVER

A FRIEND'S FAREWELL—HUDSON

BETWEEN THE MOUNTAINS—HUDSON RIVER

INDIAN KETTLES AND LAKE GEORGE

A FRAMED STREAM

ROUNDING A LEDGE

A COTTAGE DRIVE
COMSTOCK

THE OAK AT THE POOL
PATTERSON

THE WINDINGS OF UNDERCLIFF

A GAMBREL ROOFED ROAD—MOHONK

AN OTSEGO CREEK

BETWEEN MAPLES—NEAR ELIZABETHTOWN

tion. We think of the classic to reply to one who said circumstantial evidence should convict nobody: "How about a fish in the milk?" Rice Mountain, near at hand, afforded something to put with the milk. It would almost seem that Truthville was named in revulsion from Slyboro, both in the town of Grayville.

We are familiar with the grand old hymnist Toplady, but one must suppose someone fell on the steep hill above Tiplady, a hamlet in Hebron.

It is a curious fact that the name, Purgatory Hill, in New England, had also been attached to a hill in Pawling. The very next is Quaker Hill, in an effort to balance. Who shall say that the pioneer was lacking in a sense of humor?

In the Adirondacks, Sunrise Notch and Sentinel Peak, one of our pictures, are finely named, but why should anyone go to Pulpit Mountain to preach? It is the fine, great elevation to the east of Lake Placid—another agreeable but often untruthful appellation.

On the other side of the lake we find Undercliff, Eagle Eyrie and Loch Bonnie, all appropriate, but it is curious how much affinity for mountains Tom had. There are many in every mountainous state, so many that the name means nothing, while Dick and Harry are neglected.

Bouquet River is a good suggestion, the more so as it is fed by Lily-Pad Pond. Auger Lake repeats a name in the Irish Gap of Dunloe. Pokomoonshine Mountain is in one of the wildest portions of the North Woods.

Thunderbolt Mountain is a full-sounding name, but how could Grizzle Ocean ever be chosen for its nearest neighboring peak? And by what humor were Pharaoh Lake and Mountain so denominated?

It was a pleasing conceit to give the names of First, Second and Third Brother to the three mountains northeast of Brunt Lake. They appear in our pictures and, with the lake, also shown, are among our most happy memories.

CLIMATE

THERE is a great deal of climate in New York. New England, which used to have a corner on climate, in America, is no longer a prominent stockholder. There have been in New York this year more kinds of weather than ever before known. Much of it could be cut in solid blocks. Nine times has the writer journeyed to Bear Mountain Bridge to picture it and its wonderful vicinity. On only one occasion has he been able to see clearly across the river, and on that occasion a haze shut down by noon. It could be wished that New York would put away, for a long time now, its gossamer, hazy, mazy garments and appear *au naturel*. This year it has either hidden or sulked or wept most of the time.

But when New York does smile she makes up for a long season of rudeness. The glory of an afternoon sun on the Hudson or on the cliffs of Lake Erie is worth going far to see. In admiration one forgets past injuries.

The temperature of New York, aside from the metropolis and its suburbs, is almost Continental. With New England as a buffer between it and the eastern sea, its winter climate, especially in the north, is likely to be very cold, though its habitual clearness has given it a deserved reputation for healthfulness, such that the many retreats from dread tubercular disease have acquired a fine measure of success. A patient on an open porch, sleeping in an air that has dropped many degrees below zero, has found a sure deterrent from the growth of germs.

This is one of the odd developments of medical science. It is fortunate that the physicians require only cold, dry weather and a good elevation above the sea, for New York has these all in sufficient quantity. The supply of fair mountains towering over fairer lakes will not be

depleted. Two brave young men in the Saranac region for a hoped-for cure, launched the midget series named for Trotty Veck. One of these young men remains and carries on for himself and his friend, a little missive of optimism fit to make us laugh, if we can keep from crying.

The shores of Ontario and Erie would be supposed, at first thought, to open such a broad expanse to the Borean gales that they would be intolerable in winter. Such, however, is not the case. On the contrary, there is a mysterious influence of the lakes on the weather, so that wherever lake influences reach there is an ideal climate for fruit. What benignity is wafted from the lakes it would be difficult to ascertain in full. But this much is certain; all across New York's and Ohio's northern belt is a fruit track of unrivaled richness and dependableness. A part of this beneficent influence may be attributed to the evenness of temperature given by a great body of water so as to minimize the danger of spring frosts, so disastrous to blossoms if the morning sun touches them too ardently after they have been nipped. A slow thawing saves them, when the temperatures have not run too low. The ripening effects of autumn also find encouragement from the lakes. Apples and grapes require brisk, fine, autumn days in plenty to acquire the perfection of the flavor which we find here from the St. Lawrence all along Ontario, up the Niagara, past Buffalo, and to the Pennsylvania line.

This peculiar lake climate is a well-recognized commercial commodity. They sell it as California sells hers. The minor lakes like Oneida, the Finger Lakes, and Chautauqua all add greatly to the acreage values near their shores. The effect for good is not confined to apples and grapes but touches with its mystery wand almost every sort of fruit that can be produced in the mild temperate zone. The Hudson is broad enough to cast a somewhat similar blessing on the hills that border it. Altogether the climate of New York is an asset of the most valuable

sort in enriching and beautifying its plains and slopes with orchard and vineyard.

In summer the larger lakes pleasingly temper the air, and the mountains, with evergreens, also assist; so that the up-state resorts are excellently adapted for breathing places, and bring back the fine glow of health to many thousands who wisely take refuge on their shores or heights. Through the middle of the state and on the Pennsylvania line, there are, however, enough piping hot July and August days to rejoice the tossing plumes and silken scarfs, because corn revels in heat, and the sweet and incomparable flavor of corn in the milk develops in those quiet days when even the grasshopper screams with delight. In a cornfield, if one lies flat between the rows, after the stalks have become luxuriant, one finds they seem to drink in the heat and pleasingly temper the air below, where, in his retreat, no paging could ever trace the man who knows a good thing when he hides in it.

There is something about the vegetation or the climate of the Hudson valley which approves itself to the katydid. In the Shawangunk Mountains and on the hills east of the river these social insects amuse one's wakefulness by their continual good-natured dispute of astonishing loudness, "Katy did! She didn't!" repeated with insistence but lack of conviction of the usual human argument.

The writer, after a summer in the Rockies, where he was puffed up for months like a bond salesman, has since been immune to the mosquito. Aside from this general disturber of the peace of nations, the noises of insects are not among the least of pleasing country influences. Gray noticed the beetles' "droning flight," and all day and all night long some little creature or other plays a minor interlude between the bird-songs.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE FUTURE

OUT doors is vocal nearly every moment, and even in periods of sunning silence, attentive ears catch a chirp, a twitter, a thin sound of little wings. Everything is very much alive. Even in the cemeteries there is a song or a bar from some elfin orchestra. The discouraged will do well to heed how persistently the Lord and Giver of Life is urging on every clod to take wing, and to break up the rocks into soil, the soil into seed, the seed into song and in general to stir a palpitation of appreciative movement through the universe. Not only is there no danger in death but nothing can stay dead whether it will or no, except hate. Bury that deeply under the trees and the clover while a white cloud passes overhead.

Some species seem to have disappeared forever, but there is a little shell embedded in the rocks on the St. Lawrence whose precise living counterpart is thriving above it, with an ancestry of several million years at least. Even if the gigantic preglacial lizards are dead, we are not mourning their demise, nor are we regretting that we cannot meet their cavernous smile on our morning walks. Depend upon it, whatever is extinct ought to be. It has had its day like the stonecrusher, useful on preparing a highway but no parlor ornament.

No doubt the great saurians were admirable in their time and place, but as they pass out something better comes in, and when the crocodile has finished his function, an imminent event, we shall not shed even a crocodile tear for him. Let them go, when the cosmos is done with them; and come in ye robins and squirrels, graceful friendly deer, and placid herds. Our attitude towards evolution is that God made that too, and our only impatience with it is that it seems slow. For everything that is dead not to come back, three blithe pulsating creatures are

here to make us forget what we ought to forget, and to hope. Every species is called for in some thoughtful mind before it disports itself on earth. If we feel the need of it, it will come.

See the airy villages that will perch on the fair cliffs of New York in the generations to come! Look on their perfected arrangements for purity of air and water. They take their music, their wisdom, from aerial messages, whenever they wish to listen. They use for means of transit the roads on stone, on water, on air. The avenues of communication are perfected and they have learned to take power and fertility from the atmosphere. There should be new heights for their devisings, flights for their thought. They are now lords of materials, and have put spirit in matter. The pride of this state will be, perhaps, in more worth-while things than skyscrapers. In man is the alembic to correlate things with spirit, to find the force hidden in the solid earth and liberate it, to prove a state imperial by the easy mastery of its citizens over the wealth of natural forces.

If ever impatience is warranted, it is with the complacence of people who get their frail houses built and sit on the porches sighing contentedly, as if civilization had no more achievements before it. Citizens of New York even show it off with pride, as a finished thing. Have not all the towering masses soon to come down? Is the back alley delightful? Is there sun and sweetness everywhere, or even over a major portion of urban areas? Is the perfect body politic, the perfect education arrived? Ask the high school graduate just three simple fundamental questions, to find out that.

Architecture, so far as taking form in finished erections is concerned, is in its infancy. The schools have only started to learn how to teach; the tongue of the people is still restricted so that eloquence, even in the United States Senate, is at such an ebb that unless Idaho breezes blow

over the aisles, nine-tenths of the Senators scuttle for the cloakroom like rabbits to their warrens when a "distinguished" member arises to extinguish all human interest from language.

So far as known, beautiful forms of flora and fauna are increasing. They may require some nursing, but why are we in this garden but to tend it and keep it? The garden cosmos has about doubled its size in a generation; but the cosmos has been multiplied more than that because we see farther into it.

Luther Burbank was one among many to bring good out of evil, breeding off the thorn from the cactus and feeding the improved product to cows. Milk out of the desert? Why not? Of course the desert is good for something and we are here to find out what that is. These parts of the earth that the farmers used to say were just good for nothing except to keep the world together are becoming in these days the valuable sources we possess. They have changed the lower end of Death Valley to Imperial Valley. To say that there is no use for a thing is another way of admitting we are still asleep.

When people talk about a finished civilization they simply indicate that they belong in an asylum for the blind. The judge of the police-court, the farmer who must pay ten dollars for fertilizer that returns half as much, the agricultural editor who finds it harder to raise ideas than cabbages, the teacher whose pupils have not been roused, all these know the world is not finished. And any railroad president has curves to straighten and grades to gentle. He will leave similar work for his successor.

A certain manufacturer has just expended fifty millions of dollars to get his machinery ready to manufacture a single product. His foreman said, "I think we are lucky to do it for that sum." And the buildings which totaled several times that sum were already built!

There are those who think much effort and time has been taken to get the world to its present point, and perhaps because they are too near their work, they think it is finished.

But human history so far has just been getting its tools together. We have scarcely started production, if we think in cosmical dimensions. We are just getting ready to go. A shoe seller had a quaint way with him, not original. Asked if he had a certain sort of shoe, he answered: "Weel, I can go and take and fetch and get you a pair." So far in our race career, we have arrived only so far as to "go and take"; we have fetched and gotten very little. Human history is just completing its vantage platform. We have been preparing for a great deal longer than our records run, our Archimedean lever to move the world, but we have not budged it far, as yet. The race, instead of having arrived at perfect manhood, is yet in its infancy. Many a little germ, invisible except under the telescope, can bowl us over, and we neither see the form, know the shape, nor tell the name of various insidious powers with which we must deal to get ahead.

The physician has his job. Just one item is to know and check cancer. The aviator has his; one item is to gain the power to see through fog. There is not a science, an art, that has reached full mastery. We can see through much that used to be opaque. The discovery of the X-ray that will reveal the weather two days ahead, or will see a thousandth part of what we want to know, is to come.

The alert attitude will become us. Discoveries are said to have been accidents in many cases. Nothing great was ever achieved through accident. The seeing eye was there to interpret the accident.

It is a task, this world mastering and beautifying, which appalls most people and arouses the comment, "It's no use!" That comment was the precursor of every great surgical discovery, and had to be brushed aside before anything could be done.

The impossible is accomplished every day, and there are men whose regular profession is to do what never has been; never could be done.

The matter is not rhetorical. In my mind now, is a gentleman of imagination who employs by the year four technological experts to whom he can say, "I want such a thing done; can you find a way?" They have year after year found ways. And every time they do so, they build a foundation for something further. The cumulative effect of efficient systematic effort is amazing. The heirs of the ages, as we are, can tell from what has been learned, how to learn more.

There must be a Baldwin to bring out his apple, a Dr. Bull to introduce the Concord grape, an inventor of a reaper, so that year by year we build, on what men have done. Even the soil itself was made ready for us and whatever we do there is the pleasure of knowing we are parts of a large scheme. Our children will do in their day what must be done, as we are trying to do now. It is no time for iconoclasm, not a day for bomb or even brick throwing. It is evolution by which the world rises, seldom by revolution and never by hate.

THE BEST IS COMMON

A TRAVELER of some note who has just returned from Africa remarks that the diamond is a common stone there. He means that over large areas of the veldt, close to the surface, and in the ownership of many settlers, diamonds are now found in quantities sufficient to cause a drop in the market, which would be far more violent but that the great corporations are continually buying up lands and holding back stones.

The value of an article is usually appraised on a wrong basis. Rarity

ought not to be the gauge of values. Because pure air is plenty we ought not to hold it cheap. What is the whitest, largest diamond compared with a drink of good water?

You will find fools like me hunting about for some old piece of furniture, of no intrinsic merit. An agent sent to buy a piece for a large sum, and who did not know antiques, wired back: "I can make a better one for three dollars!" And he could. We suffer a mild form of dementia, and not always so mild, in our desire for something we do not need. The people of the desert call a garden a paradise. Isn't it? Just because gardens are many and could be made on almost every acre of New York, does it take away their worth? Is your child any less precious because there are multitudes of sweet children in the world?

The proper basis of valuation is intrinsic, which does not mean financial valuation, necessarily. When we have discerned the beauty, the worth of anything, when persons or things have become dear to us because our eyes are open we know, as no one else knows, their value. People are said to love without logic, but it is not so. It is a kind of sublimated logic, perhaps, but it perceives the merit in common persons and common things. Who wants anything finer than a dewdrop in the sun? Or a dahlia in its prime? Who would care to edit the song of a bobolink? Many things close to us are just as good as they can be. Or if, conceivably, profound wisdom could improve them, that wisdom is not ours. They satisfy us perfectly. They fit into the niche we find prepared for them in our minds. We can't improve the sunsets we can see on any one of ten thousand New York hills, many a one of which we could purchase for a modest sum. The slope that just fills the fancy is not hard to find. Perfect contours open themselves on most of the twenty thousand miles which the writer has traveled in a search for beauty, in old York State.

What we make is often subject to criticism, but when nature has finished a piece of her work it is just right.

If we are keen enough to make our constructions fit into their place in nature, if we are wary enough to avoid spoiling what she has done, we are indeed fortunate and enriched.

A PROGRAM

IF one were asked to outline some of the things that need soon be done for our country, and for New York in particular, one may say the first thing is to take the German hint and to get our fertilizer, our nitrogen, from the air.

The next most important may be to develop a source of power and heat, also probably from the air, as every country place needs power and heat most of all.

A third item in the program might well be the broadcasting or otherwise the teaching by the grange, the school, the farm paper, the outlines of good construction such as has appealed to ages, as beautiful, and proved by long use, durable. The worst waste and sin against beauty is the erection of graceless flimsy edifices. A billion a year is not only worth saving, but at the same time it is being so saved consider the better outlook on life the millions would have, and how they would be dignified and enriched by reaching at least as great a knowledge of form and material as is common in every French village.

The elimination of waste, the proper application of power, the perfection of communication, the cultivation of a faculty of observation and a love of fine forms, the training to approve what is excellent and to notice how all creation is harmonic, between men of good-will and an outside world ready to be manipulated—all these splendid elements of

the program can be begun, all can be well set on their way, and some may be brought to a high degree of reality.

But those who do not look never will see. The country is not for those who love what cannot go with the country. If bad looks good to a man it is a subtle, tedious, possibly age-long process to wake up that man. The girl who could not see Storm King and the esthetic beauty of the Hudson below—what can be done for her? Bury her? Useless. She has buried herself already.

Poor Human Nature! Here is a state beloved of the fathers, beloved of the wise, beloved of God; it is dear and glorious to some, if to others it is merely a prison, or even a granary, we cannot, perhaps, help it.

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